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COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION AND A QUARTER HOMES
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LOVE, THE SLEUTH

HEARTS VS. DETECTIVES

In the Great "Purinton Mill Mystery"

by Holman F. Day

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CHAPTER I.

"BUT WHERE IS THE BODY?"

ON the 24th of June, 1898, Mansfield village was shocked and bewildered by the most perplexing and sensational affair in its history—a case that became ere its untangling one of the greatest criminal mysteries of the nation, even though it occurred in an obscure village in Maine.

I refer to the "Squire Brett's Disappearance, or The Purinton Mill Mystery."

At one o'clock of that day Squire Brett's middle-aged hired man was unconsciously doing the first detective work on the great case. The hired man was simply hunting for the Squire to tell him to come home to dinner. First of all he visited the Mansfield bank. He plunked clumsily up the broad stairs, half opened the door and leaning on the knob shouted this question at the treasurer, the only man in sight behind the grill-work.

"Squire hain't in here, is he?"

"Nop," returned the treasurer shortly, his finger on a column of figures.

"Well, it beats time where he is," said the hired man. "Here it's one o'clock and he hain't been home to dinner."

The treasurer cocked his head sharply and peered over his glasses.

"He was in here a while, this forenoon at a meeting of the trustees," he volunteered rather impatiently. "He tended to some business and then he went off. I heard him say something about going down to Purinton's mill but I reckon he hasn't been there all this time. He's probably hung up around the village somewhere." The treasurer went to adding again and after the hired man had surveyed his absorbed countenance for a time he slammed the door and chunked down stairs.

"I don't know where in the Dutch to look for him," he growled as he stood on the sidewalk and peered up and down the street. The hush of a silent June noon brooded. Several farm teams were hitched in the village square. The horses were flitting their nose bags, looking for the remnants of their dinners. One farmer sat shielded from the glare of the sun in a store front's shade, eating his lunch out of a paper bag.

"Hain't seen anything of Squire Brett, have ye?" asked the hired man.

"Seems as if the Squire was round town somewhere this forenoon," replied the man through the jumble in his mouth. "I heard him gabblin' away about the silver question somewhere but that was early."

Ordinarily the Squire could be easily located on the Mansfield streets. He was usually hot in discussion with some one and always talked in a high-pitched cackle and with disputatious energy.

The foreman of the Mansfield Mirror office, situated opposite the bank, was just back from dinner and was unlocking the front door. He leisurely shifted his toothpick and called across to the hired man.

"Was you asking about Squire Brett? Well, he was in the Mirror office along in the forenoon sometime. I didn't see him 'cause I was runnin' the big press but I heard him and the old man and Arthur havin' some kind of a talkin' match in the front office. What's the trouble?"

"He hain't come home to dinner and Mis' Erskine is some worked up about it," explained the hired man.

"He'll show up all right; nobody ever heard of the Squire gittin' lost yet," laughed the foreman disappearing through the dingy glass door of the Mirror office.

The hired man walked back down Main street looking into the wide-open portals of the few stores and peering at screen doors of the scattered houses. He expected to see the Squire's little, nervous figure come popping out at any time. Though almost eighty years old he was, as the people of Mansfield village expressed it, as spry as a weasel and at most times of day the tails of his frock coat were snapping along the street and his roughened, old-style beaver was nodding as he cornered this and that one in vigorous argument. But now the hired man saw only dinner-filled burghers leisurely betaking themselves to the occupations of the afternoon. The only sounds emphatic enough to be noticed were the clashing of the dinner dishes in the sinks near the screened windows in the houses along the street.

The hired man walked along the grassy path by the side of Main street until he arrived at Hawkes' general store, junction of Main, Water and Elm streets. Water and Elm fork from the end of Main. Water street ends a few hundred yards from the junction, at Purinton's mill. Elm street forks from the right and leads past the Squire's house over the hills to the railroad village of the town—Mansfield Corner.

Mr. Hawkes was tilted in a basket-bottom chair on the shady side of his store and was taking advantage of the noon let-up to smoke a pipeful of cut-plug. His head was bare and his hat was cocked on one knee. The hired man paused in the draught from the open door and

inhaled the mingled odors of kerosene, ground coffee and tarred rope. "Hain't seen the Squire, hav' ye?" he asked, hoisting his foot to the platform and leaning his elbow on his knee.

"See him 'fore dinner if that's what ye mean," said the storekeeper, expectorating over the edge of the store platform.

"He hain't been home to dinner and that's what's ailin' us," returned the hired man.

"Don't say so?" commented Hawkes with only a faint show of interest. "Squire's us'ly pretty reg'lar in gittin' home past here to his meals. Let's see! I noticed him goin' down to Purinton's mill. 'Twas in the forenoon, 'long 'bout ha'f pas' ten. Quite sure I hain't seen him since then. I reckoned 'praps he'd gone up 'crost lots to the house."

The hired man declared that he hadn't and started along toward the mill. "I don't believe you'll find him down there," called Hawkes after him. "One or two people have been down to look for him since he went past here—wanted to see him 'bout business, I reckon. But I let on they didn't see him 'cause they come right back."

"I'll take a look," said the hired man and he trudged down the rutted road.

Purinton's mill hadn't been running for two weeks. Purinton had been making some repairs on the dam. The mill, saw mill and grist mill combined, was open, so the hired man discovered. He entered on the upper floor which is nearly on a level with the road.

Looked at gable on from the road, the mill seems to have only one story. But the ground slopes away toward the bay and the rear of the structure is three stories from gable peak to earth. And beneath all is a gloomy pit, its end open toward the bay, into which are sluiced the sawdust, slabs and refuse from the upper part of the mill. In the lower, floored sections of the mill the villagers of Mansfield store wagons or sleighs, according to the season.

The hired man looked all about on the upper floor, peered through the dusty glass of the little office, shouted once or twice into the half gloom below stairs and then went out into the sunshine.

He looked doubtfully at the yellow water frothing against the rocks below the dam, muttered a moment and then started across lots toward the Squire's house up amongst the tall elms.

Mrs. Erskine, the Squire's widowed daughter, a woman of fifty years, met him as he slowly mounted the piazza.

"For mercy's sake, did you find the Squire?" she demanded in a tone of mingled impatience and alarm.

"I can't seem to find hide nor hair of him, Mis' Erskine," said the hired man.

"He must be down there in the village somewhere," she returned rather crossly.

"I didn't make no house canvass and I didn't know as you wanted me to stir any special touse," said he doggedly. "I reckoned it would fret the Squire up if he should hear about it. I don't want him in my hair."

Mrs. Erskine looked at the man a moment, her eyebrows wrinkled in thought. Then she turned to a window that opened on the piazza.

"Grace—Gracie," she cried. Grace Erskine, her daughter, a tall, handsome girl of twenty-one, fresh and attractive in her filmy summer gown, came to the door.

"Horace says he can't find your grandfather high nor low."

"Of course he is in the village somewhere," the young woman replied. "Have you been everywhere, Horace?" The hired man wiped his red face with his big handkerchief and made reply in about the same words he had used in answering the mother.

The little group stood in the sunshine for a time without saying anything—Horace stolid and puzzled, Mrs. Erskine looking alarmed and the girl apparently not believing there was anything to worry over.

"Grace, you'd better slip on your hat and run down to the village," said Mrs. Erskine at last. The girl fetched her hat from the cool entryway and half descended the steps. Then she stopped. "Oh, I—" she exclaimed, and a singular expression came into her face. One looking at her could scarcely determine whether it was relief or anxiety.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Erskine hastily.

Grace with the curious expression still on her face stepped back to her mother and said, "I do believe granther has gone over to the Corner. Cousin George rode up to the house this forenoon and asked for him. It was when you were down in the garden, mother. I told him that granther was down street somewhere and he went away. George seemed to be very anxious to see granther. Don't you suppose they got to talking about—that matter and granther rode over to the Corner to see—her?"

"Cat's foot! I don't believe the Squire would go off like that without letting us know," said Mrs. Erskine. "He wouldn't—still, if something came up—and George got to pestering him! How was George this morning. How did he seem?"

"He had been drinking, mother," the girl said in low tones. "He was cross and he talked about granther just as he'd did the other day." The two women looked at each other for some moments. Then the elder said with bitterness, "I don't know what's coming out of this foolishness of that dratted George over that good-for-nothing girl. He is aggravatin' your

grandfather about to death. He's probably got the Squire down street now, cornered somewhere pesterin' him and teasin' to let him marry that girl. For mercy's sake, Grace, hurry down and get him away from George before the critter drives him clean distracted."

The girl started Horace off to Dr. Martin's to see if by any chance the Squire had stopped in there to dinner. She parted with the hired man opposite the Mirror office after they had called without results at the drug store, the back room of which was the village forum for the discussion of all local and national questions. She paused irresolutely on the sidewalk and then with a blush on her face turned the grimy knob of the printing office, "M. Wing & Son, Props." A young man was sitting at a desk in the outer office reading a long galley proof.

"Why, Grace," he cried, leaping to his feet and advancing. Then his cheeks colored as he glanced down at his rolled-up sleeves and ink-stained palms. "Pity the smooches of the country printer," he said half bitterly. "You see I'm even prevented from shaking your hand."

"Arthur, the smile in your dear eyes is to me an embrace," said the girl looking at him with the steady gaze of an affection bold in its innocent absorption. But her cheeks were crimson. As he was about to speak, after a glance at the door leading to the composing room, she went on hastily, "But I haven't time to trouble you now, Arthur. I know this is the day you print your paper. I have just dropped in to ask about granther. He—"

"I am almost afraid to talk with you, Grace," he broke in with deep emotion in his tones. "I am afraid you will not understand me in what I have made up my mind to say. Grace, my love. I know what your grandfather threatened. I know he has sent you to ask for your freedom. I am going to give it back to you, Grace, without obliging you to speak the word."

"But I—"

"I know, Grace, that I have been a fool to dream that a country printer could ever have a girl with your prospects, but love blinded me."

"Arthur, I—"

But evidently fearing to allow her to speak he broke in again. "I say, dear, now that the Squire has opened my eyes and now that I realize the sacrifice that my folly was dragging you to, I am resolved to spare you explanations. I will give you up. Don't consider me a coward, Grace. May I not say to you that self-sacrifice is the best part of heroism. Will you not do me this justice, to feel that in doing what I do I show my love for you as few men would be willing to show it? I will not embitter your whole life. As you estimate me in what I do, so shall I estimate you. You cannot help it, Grace—you are forced, even as I."

Again she attempted to speak, stepping to his side but he rushed on impetuously. "I want you to tell the Squire for me that I am sorry for what I said to him this forenoon. I tried to hunt him up and tell him so after it was over, but I could not find him. Yet it was hard, Grace—the tears came into the brown eyes of the young man, "it was hard to stand and be called a cheap fellow that was chasing you only to get his money. And because I had dared to love you he has threatened to ruin father. He has notified the trustees of the savings bank that he as president of the institution orders them to foreclose the mortgage on the plant of the Mirror. That means that we must get out, after my poor old dad has slaved here all his life."

"But, Arthur," cried the girl, seizing his arm impulsively, "I don't know anything about this. Granther hasn't mentioned the subject for two weeks."

"Didn't he say anything about it at dinner time?"

"He hasn't been home to dinner. I am searching for him. That is why I have come here."

"I am sure I don't know where he can be," said the young man. "He came in here along about ten, I should say. He called father and me into the office and said his say. He declared that unless I kept away from you, relinquished all claim on you, he would order the trustees to foreclose on the mortgage. And that unless you came to me and ordered me to release you from our engagement he would make a will disinheriting you. I supposed you came here to ask for that release."

"I did not, Arthur," declared the girl firmly. "Grace, I'll admit that I talked rough to your grandfather when he made those threats—not on account of myself but on your account and because he dragged my poor old father into it. The Squire then said that he should foreclose on the mortgage, anyway. After he had gone I saw that father felt so bad about our little property I resolved he hunt the Squire up and apologize for what I had said and entreat him to leave my father out of it. I resolved to sacrifice myself for both of you, but I could not find your grandfather. I will see him, Grace. If I take myself out of the way matters will be smoothed, Grace, darling, I—"

The young man was just reaching out his ink-stained arms towards her when the composing room door was thrown open and the apprentice rushed in with fluttering proofs. "Your father says hurry up and correct them things," chirped the apprentice, rolling an appreciative look on them as he rubbed a grimy finger under his nose. Embarrassed and stammering commonplaces, the lovers stepped apart. But as Grace left the room she turned on him such a look as showed that her heart belonged to him, even though an irascible old man was trying to shoo Love from their garden by pelting him with gold pieces.

The situation in her love affair was certainly absorbing enough but ere that day closed Grace Erskine was confronted with something that drove even Arthur Wing from her mind.

Her grandfather could not be found. The hired man came back from Mansfield Corner and reported that the Squire had not been there. George Brett, his grandnephew, declared that he had not been able to find his uncle on his trip to the village in the forenoon and had returned to his store at the Corner.

It was some time before the quiet village of Mansfield was thoroughly awake to the fact that its richest and most prominent citizen had been whisked away in some astonishing fashion.

But the deputy sheriff and a few volunteers finally decided that the case required some looking after.

At nine o'clock that night Jason Dustin, local deputy sheriff, stood in the mellow light of the June evening on the post-office platform and summed up the case for the benefit of the crowd of fellow citizens that surrounded him.

"It's sartin the most sing'lar biz'ness that

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ever happened in this place," he declared, setting his segment of cheese in brown paper on the top of the stone hitching post. "This place has had a blame good hunting over but to my mind the whole thing is bottled right up down there in Purinton's mill." He extended his finger in that direction and the crowd looked down on the sombre clump of shadows marking the location of the mill and felt queer thrills along the spine. "The Squire was known to go into that mill," Justin proceeded, "but up to date no one has been found who saw him come out. Grocer Hawkes says that 'bout ha'f past ten he come along past the store, bought an orange and started along toward the mill, peelin' and eatin' the fruit. Treasurer of the bank says that Squire Brett hinted that he was goin' down to the mill on business with Purinton. Drawed \$1300 from the bank before he started. Now, as I say, no one ever see him come out. All of ye know what we found in that sluice that runs from the upper floor to the slab pile under the mill. There was snips of cloth stickin' to the slivers in that sluice. On the slab pile seventy-five feet below at the end of the sluice we found the Squire's tall hat flattened flat's a brander and down among the slabs was about ha'f of that orange he had been eatin' when he went into that mill. Did he fall down that sluice? Mouth of it is level with the floor! But he has allus known it was there."

"It don't seem likely that a man of the Squire's smartness would tumble down there, does it?" commented one of the bystanders. "Now if George Brett had fell down there when he was teeterin' 'round the mill drunk this forenoon lookin' for the Squire—" the man laughed with a queer note in his voice. He did not complete the sentence. Men looked at one another with rather significant expressions.

"But if Squire Brett went down there," continued Dustin, "if he fell that seventy-five feet and struck that slab pile where is he now?"

"Would it kill him?" asked a man.

"Dead'n a nail in a hearse," chorused half a dozen. "All ye have to do to know that is to look at the place."

"Yes, he was killed, I reckon," said Dustin, "and there wa'n't no place for him to bounce

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J



After a while Uncle Harvey discovered this arrangement and discovered it at the very worst possible time, as of course he would. One

Meanwhile, without a shadow of apprehension John Randall was flying along toward certain death. The very circumstances which had placed him in such peril had made his mind perfectly easy; for, when he found he was not flagged at the junction, he assumed

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EVA L. SHORRY.

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"I'll have to tell the girls!" she said with her gay little laugh. "Here we are at home; won't you come in and see the people, Bruce? They'll think your decoration is from the Salon," pointing at the flowing necktie which still dangled like a streamer from his coat.

"I'll keep it as a souvenir, Lou," he said, laughing. "It is like you, bright and cheery! I won't come in now, but will call later on. My regards to the family. Good night," and unlocking the door for her, he lifted his hat, and then walked on toward his own home.

Somehow his thoughts were not of his experiences abroad, nor of the years he had been devoting to his studies. He was thinking of his vacations passed in the little city, of the friends of his boyhood, and finally, as they had done so often, they centered around a face of dainty brightness, Margaret Sherwood's, "that old sweetheart of mine!"

What good times they had enjoyed together! Their summers at adjoining cottages; the moonlight paddles on the lake, the drives and the many happy hours in one another's company. As they had grown older, how he had thrilled with pride when she and her mother came to Cambridge to attend the college festivities. And then the little "rift in the lute," his suspicion of a college mate, and finally their estrangement.

There was one thing, trivial in itself, and it seemed to him now as he thought of days ago, such a very trifling matter, but which in his "salad days" had seemed very significant, and that was when at college one day he had gone into one of the fellows' rooms—Royce Manning's, Lou's brother—the one whom he had seen Margaret with more than he fancied, and a group of the boys were looking at a society pin Royce held in his hand. As he came in he thought he heard his name mentioned, and as they turned and saw him they stopped talking, and Royce quickly slipped the pin in his pocket. It was an exceedingly small matter but it had bothered him, and he remembered that Margaret had not worn his pin when he last saw her, nor, as he thought of it, had she for some time. He finally decided that in some way it was his pin which Royce had that day and that Margaret had allowed him to have it. Little by little, as he watched them, he decided that there was some understanding between them, and so, gradually, the two who had been such close friends—yes, and more than friends—drifted apart.

His trip abroad had come to him as a surprise and he had left hurriedly, merely writing Margaret a formal note of goodbye and giving no address.

Through the years of separation he had thought of her often, and when gazing at some especially beautiful landscape, or before an exquisite work of art, his thought went out to her instinctively. Now that he was back again in the dear home city, his longing for her was even greater, and Lou had told him that Margaret was in California.

He was at his door before he realized it, and putting aside his unhappy thoughts he ran up the steps, as he used to do, for he always felt like a boy again when at the old house.

His mother was dining out, so Bruce, throwing off his coat and hat, went into the dining room and ate in solitary state. As he came out, and was going up to his den for a smoke, the bit of color on his coat attracted his attention, and untwisting it, he took it with him upstairs. It had had a strangely familiar look from the first, but he had seen hundreds like it, so this caused him no surprise. "Why, it might be one mother had 'rummaged' from my cast-offs," he thought. He still held it in his hand, a long, narrow piece of crimson silk. Turning it over, his eye caught a faint initial, and taking it up nearer the light, he examined it carefully. He could make out part of a letter, which he called an L, then an S, and finally the first one, he decided was an M. "M. L. S.," he said slowly, and then with a start recognized the initials of the girl of whom he had been thinking: Margaret L. Sherwood!

He looked more closely. Yes, written with pencil on the white silk lining, were surely the initials he had repeated. But how could it be Margaret's tie? And then he remembered that her mother was one of the pillars of the Methodist church and probably was one of the chief instigators of the wonderful Rummage Sale, which had struck him as so extremely foolish. What more natural than that she should search through her daughter's belongings and seize upon this bright tie, which really was quite presentable.

Leaning back in his chair, his thoughts turned again to Margaret. How during the warm days she dressed so frequently in white, and had often, out of compliment to him, worn his college colors. He thought of the night of the float, when they had so gaily decorated his canoe with lanterns and flags, and she sat among the bright cushions, dressed in white, with crimson at her throat and a bright Tam O'Shanter on her head. That was the night he had given her the fraternity pin, with his initials and the name of his charge, and he had told her how much it signified to him. She had pinned it on the crimson tie, and they had been so happy together out on the lake, after the carnival was over.

And then the other fellow had come between them. How foolish it all seemed to him now. She was not engaged, so his little confidant had told him. If she were in the city tonight he would go to her and beg her forgiveness.

He had been fingering the tie when these thoughts went through his mind, and suddenly he became conscious that his fingers had come in contact with something hard, inside the lining. Turning it over he looked at it. Yes, there was something there. He noticed a little rip at the side, and taking his knife he made it larger. Pulling out the lining something fell out and rolled under the couch. Quickly pushing it aside, a faint glitter met his eye. He picked up the object, and caught his breath sharply, as he recognized the well-known outlines of the shield, the symbol of his college fraternity. Hastily turning it over he read with rising color his own initials, and those of his college and charge.

He stared at it a moment in blank amazement. "My pin, and in Margaret's tie," he said bewildered. "I don't understand it."

He walked across the room and leaned his head on the mantel, looking into the blazing fire, and pressed the tie and pin to his lips.

On the shelf was a piece of bric-a-brac, a foreign bit some of his friends had sent him, and which he had used as a receptacle for his mail. The maid had been accustomed to take it from the postman, and, when he was in the city, leave his personal mail there. As he glanced up, this happened to catch his eye. Almost unconsciously he picked it up, and gave it a little shake as he used to do. To his surprise something, the corner of which was wedged

into a crease, rattled round inside. He pulled it out, thinking it was a piece of waste paper, and was more than astonished to find it a little box, directed to himself. With a start, he recognized Margaret's well-known hand.

"What in Heaven's name is this," he said, tearing off the wrappers, and there glittering among the cotton was another society pin, the exact duplicate of the one he had found in the tie.

"Well, this is getting a little creepy! Two pins just alike. This seems to be a night of surprises," he gasped, as pulling at the cotton he found a tightly folded note.

Rushing to his desk and turning on all the lights, he read with quickly beating heart and blurred eyes:

"Dear Bruce: I have something to confess. I lost the pin you gave me! Can you ever forgive my carelessness? Finding I couldn't buy one, I got Royce Manning to arrange it for me, and I send the new one to you, as somehow we seem not as good friends as we used to be, and I feel you may like it again. Is it something I have done, Bruce? I send this to your home address, as they tell me you're to be here this week."

And the date was four years old! "My God!" he groaned, as he read the words again and again to grasp their full meaning. "What bitter fate has kept me from getting this! It must have come just before I sailed for Europe and was overlooked in the rush and none of us have been here since. This is why she and Royce appeared such good friends. My dear, sweet Margaret, what must you think of me now. 'Is it something I have done, Bruce?' I know what those words cost her. My foolish, demnable pride has perhaps spoiled both our lives! O, my love, if you weren't so far away!"

Starting up with a sudden thought he rushed down stairs, and a moment after the outside door slammed behind him.

When Mrs. Cameron came home some hours later, she found Bruce hastily packing his suit case.

"Why, Bruce, where are you going?" she exclaimed.

"I'm going to Chicago. Mrs. Sherwood tells me Margaret will stop there on her way home from California this week, and I thought perhaps she might be lonesome coming all the way alone. You know I haven't seen her in a long while, and, mother, I want to." Going over to her, in his old boyish way, he threw himself down on the rug and with his head in her lap, told the whole story.

"O, those careless maids!" she said, then added lovingly. "My dear boy, may God speed you on your errand."

It was several days later that two telegrams came to the waiting mothers, which read:

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Harvard!"

"Bruce."

Though couched in college phraseology, they read between the lines, and knew that the lovers, so long separated, were at last united.

Cupid and Cap. Gregg.

Love's Wandering Astray, being Episode Number Four and Last.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

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SYNOPSIS.

(Synopsis. Cap. Skote Gregg of Hobb's Harbor, Me., master of the coaster Susan P. Gregg, meets a fascinating widow while visiting his cousin in Newport, R. I. He shows such attentions to her that his cousin's wife threatens to inform her old friend, Sophy Maxwell in Hobb's Harbor, to whom Cap. Gregg has been engaged for thirty years. The captain, on his next visit to Newport, sends his man of all work of the schooner to carry a message to the widow. The young man, who is offended because the captain is betraying Sophy Maxwell, returns with the alarming message that the widow is married again and that her husband is in full chase. The Susan is hustled out of Newport Harbor and all sail is made for the coast of Maine. On the way, after the captain asserts over and over that he is glad that he has found out in time what a deceiver the widow is, Seth, the crew, confesses that he "only made believe" go to the widow's house. He imagined from what the captain was saying that he was cured of his infatuation. But Gregg chases the boy up the mast and he is still clinging in the rigging when the captain works the schooner single handed into Hobb's Harbor.)



HIS sudden panic Skipper Skote Gregg suspected that the knot of men at the corner of the lane were purposing to hold him up and deliver him over to the enemy, July Ann. He believed there were men in the village mean enough to aid and abet mischief in that manner. He swung his arms and yelled as though he were shooting catamounts from his path.

"Dol bing ye," he clamored, "git out of my way or I'll squench ye like jelly fish in a whale's gullet!"

His mien was so ferocious as he came slamming down the street, spitting the dust under his broad-soled boots, the men separated unceremoniously. They left Seth, the "crew" of the Susan P. Gregg, standing like a statue in the middle of the road.

Seth had expected neither of two things: first that the skipper would run away thus incontinently from a mere woman, nor that the crowd of men around him would disintegrate so suddenly. He was too surprised and too scared to run. He stood there stock-still with arms hanging at his side and his mouth open, staring like a fascinated bird at the skipper as he galloped up to him.

Without stopping a moment the skipper grabbed Seth by the collar and forced him along in flight. The terrified Seth made no resistance.

"Run—or I'll—kill ye," gasped Gregg, a word jolting out of him at every stride. "If—ye—dast—to—hang—back—I'll—leave—ye—blood—soppin'—into—the—ground." Seth felt the captain's vigorous pinch on his neck and

picked up his heels in good earnest. He feared to flee with this furious man, and yet he feared still more acutely to refuse to flee. At every step he was running away from all he loved and into unknown dangers but he dared not look back, even. The way of retreat was clear to the wharf. All the population of Hobb's Harbor had been assembled about the Gregg house. With the pursuers still rods behind, the skipper reached the wharf, ran along the uneven plank and jammed Seth down the wooden ladder leading to the dory float.

"Git into that bo't," roared Gregg. He threw off the painter, splashed the oars into the water and sent the yawl swooping with lusty strokes out across the harbor toward the schooner. 'Twas but a short distance to row and already he was driving the blubbering Seth up over the dingy bulwark when July Ann came marshalling her following out on the end of the wharf.

"Skote Gregg," she shrieked, "stop right where ye be. I forbid ye to step foot on that schooner or to touch rope, sheet or halyard till the prop' rights of her has been settled. Don't you dast to make a move."

The skipper made no reply. With a growl and an oath he sent Seth forward to commence warping up the anchor. He threw off hiscoat and set to work shaking out the canvas.

"Stop him, you men," screamed July Ann, dancing about in her frenzy, "I order you to stop him. He's runnin' off with my prop'ty."

But no one made a move. It was considered strictly a family affair and furthermore the skipper, treading his own quarter deck, was not the same individual who trudged modestly about the streets of the village.

"You're a thief and a pirate and a deceiver of poor women and a breaker of hearts and I tell ye not to dast to run away with my part of that schooner that was left to us, share and share alike," screamed his sister.

Gregg lent a hand and helped Seth make fast the anchor. The schooner was already drifting on the slow and heaving tide.

"Ye're a mis'able black-legged thief," shrieked his sister. "I'll hav' ye put into state prison if ye run away with my part of that schooner."

Cap. Gregg finished taking up the last slack in the fore-peak halyard, while Seth sagged on the line. The taunts evidently stung him a bit. He stepped to the rail and belloved between his hands:

"I want ye to understand, Mis' Gregg, and all the rest of ye there that I'm actin' within my rights. I'm the oldest and I own one-half of this schooner. Bein' the oldest I have first ch'ice and I choose the stern end. I'm goin' to steer the stern end away from this dol-huttered pen of meddlers. If ye want to come out and anchor your bow end, come along and anchor it—if ye can."

This bit of grim satire was answered by a yell from July Ann and by a shout of laughter from the spectators. Gregg lent Seth a swift kick to center the youth's attention on the hoisting of the mainsail, and then yeap—yeap! the black canvas swung up with the blocks creaking.

"I'll give any man that rows me out to that schooner tew dollars," cried July Ann, livid in her rage. "I'll give tew men tew dollars apiece!"

After a moment's hesitation a couple of brawny fishermen accepted the wage and in a jiffy July Ann was sitting in the stern of a dory, rocking like a coxswain and inspiring the men to row by her shrill cries. The Susan had already got under some headway but the wind in the cove was light and baffling and the dory, propelled by the strong arms of the fishermen, speedily overhauled her.

When Gregg saw the dory plunging up with a bone in her mouth, he rattled down the companionway, and the next moment appeared at the rail with a gun across his arm.

"Row me right up to her," commanded the feminine captain of the boarders. "Row me right up close so I can hop aboard."

"Say, reckon ye'd better not come too close," remarked the skipper with a certain dryness in his tones that was ominous. The rowers held up and the dory rode along, the oars trailing in the water. They looked first at July Ann and then at the skipper standing grimly at the rail.

"Row me up there, drat yer hides!" the sister screamed. "I hain't afeared of him nor of any Gregg that ever chewed codfish."

"I hain't makin' any loud talk about this," said the skipper, "but the hain't nobody goin' to step aboard this schooner, not this eve. Them as takes warnin' don't git hurt."

"Look here, Cap!" said one of the fishermen, "we ain't tryin' to mess in too much and we don't keer to have ye p'intin' no gun too promiscuous at us. But we do think ye're goin' back on your word a little mite. Ye said as how Miss Gregg might come out and anchor her ha'f of the schooner. Ye ought to stand to your word."

"Do ye pretend that ha'f the schooner haint mine by the will our father made?" cried July Ann.

"Ain't pretendin' nothin' about it," retorted the skipper. "I've changed my mind. I've been chased out of this town and mellowhoped and abused and now I'm all done with all of ye. I've turned pirate."

He straddled one leg over the rail and rested there calmly. "Don't never take no chances with pirates," he continued. "They're dangerous critters. I'm a pirate." He clicked back the lock of the gun and ordered Seth to trim sail and take the wheel. The sheets swung with clanking of the blocks and as the breeze filled her sails the Susan gathered headway. For a short quarter of a mile the dory followed spasmodically, July Ann entreating, commanding, shrieking. But she could not induce the men to let her near the schooner.

"We'd do as much for you as we would for any one in the village," said one of them, "but we hain't ever been brought up, Mis' Gregg, to tussle pirates. I reckon ye'll have to hire some men that takes more to fightin' than we do."

They turned the dory and rowed solemnly back to the wharf. July Ann from the stern brandished her fists and screamed maledictions on the head of her brother until voice failed her and the Susan slopped around the head of the Cow Nubble and headed into the roll of the Atlantic.

Cap. Gregg did not speak to Seth for nearly two hours. The youth sat disconsolately on the scuttle butt. Once or twice he dared to glance in the direction of the skipper and found that worthy glaring at him so ferociously that he dropped his eyes promptly and sat trembling. Finally Gregg growled, "I s'pose ye have got enough wit in that oakum ball of a head of your'n to realize that ye have turned me into a pirate, haintye?"

Seth nodded with a jerk and caught a sob. "Ye know that pirates are the savagest critters

that ever are, don't ye?"

Another nod and a shiver. "And ye know what the pirates do to them that mutiny and them that get into their power, hey?"

Seth wriggled to his knees. "I didn't do it a-puppis, Cap'n Gregg," he wailed. "I meant all right, but 'twas dragged out of me by a woman, who kept at me till I didn't know which end I was standin' on." The boy broke out into blubberings. "Don't cut me up in inch pieces and make me walk the plank like the pirates do, Cap'n Gregg! Women is dreadful deceivin' critters and they went and made me do it."

The skipper looked down on Seth for a time (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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PORTRAITS AND PARAGRAPHS OF PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.



2. Evelyn Baldwin.



1. Countess Spottiswood-Mackin.



3. Miss Showalter.



4. Mayor Low.



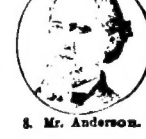
5. Mr. Jerome.



6. Captain Stevens.



7. Mr. Bryant.



8. Mr. Anderson.



9. Madame Nordica.



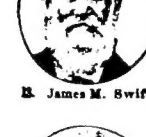
10. Hon. Alfred Lyttleton.



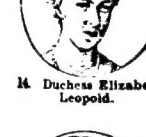
11. George Molere.



12. Alice Roosevelt.



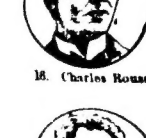
13. James M. Swift.



14. Duchess Elizabeth Leopold.



15. King Leopold.



16. Charles Rouss.



17. Count Leo Tolstol.

1. The only American woman who holds a title from the Pope of Rome is the Countess Spottiswood-Mackin who was originally a Protestant. The Pope recently gave an audience to the Countess and expressed his satisfaction at the progress of Catholicism in America.

2. Arctic exploration will never lose interest or lack to brave its dangers as long as the North Pole remains undiscovered. The latest and best equipped expedition sent out is that under Evelyn Baldwin by William Zeigler, a millionaire of Brooklyn, N. Y., and known as the Baldwin-Zeigler expedition. This expedition sailed in June of last year, and word lately received from it says it has reached a point 80 degrees 24 minutes north, and that parties would be sent on north to establish supply stations every twenty miles. The expedition has 400 dogs for sledges.

3. One of the pretty girls of Washington City to make a national reputation for beauty is Miss Showalter, daughter of Representative Showalter of Pennsylvania. Miss Showalter is as popular as she is pretty.

4, 5. On the first of January last the Reform administration began in New York City with Tammany Hall forced from power, and great promises were made. Already, however, the air is filled with discord, and Mayor Low's policy of being easy on saloon keepers and not insisting upon their obeying the Sunday closing law which is opposed by District Attorney Jerome is making divisions among the reformers which Tammany looks upon with great satisfaction.

6. It is very seldom that one of the great ocean steamships between New York City and European ports has a serious accident and when one does occur it creates a great deal of talk. In the rough weather of March the great Cunard steamer, Etruria, broke her shaft at sea and was towed to the Azores Islands, 700 miles south of her course by a passing steamer. The Etruria's passengers were brought home from the Azores by a steamer sent out from New York, chartered for the purpose. The accident cost the Company half a million of dollars or more, \$250,000 going to the lucky ship that picked the Etruria up. Captain Stevens of the Etruria is one of the oldest Captains of the line.

7. Thousands of the older people of this country remember the old time "nigger minstrel shows," and the names of the minstrels were known to all. Within the last few months four of the best known of these have died "Billy" Emerson, "Billy" West, "Billy" Rice and Neil Bryant. When Billy Rice died in March, Bryant, then past seventy, said he would be the next to go and within a few days his prediction came true. He died at St. Mary's Hospital, New York.

8. Another American citizen has been honored by kingly recognition. This latest is John Anderson of *The Scandinavians* of Chicago, who has been created a Knight of St. Olaf, the only order in Norway, by King Oscar. Mr. Anderson was born in Norway in 1836 and came to this country in 1845.

9. Madame Nordica, one of our famous singers, is opposed to modern invention. She recently sang in a concert at Wichita, Kans., as she supposed to a Wichita audience, but the enterprising managers connected all the neighboring towns with the concert hall by telephone and Nordica sang to thousands and had no extra pay for it. She did not know about it until after the concert.

10. As Lord Pauncefoot, British Ambassador to the United States, is soon to retire, there is considerable talk as to who will succeed him in his important office. The latest suggested successor is Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, eighth son of Lord Lyttleton. He is a bachelor of 45, a champion tennis player, a member of Parliament and has been on several government missions to South Africa. He is a nephew of the late Mrs. Gladstone, widow of the great Gladstone.

11. A youngster of fifteen who is creating some fuss in naval circles is George Molere, a grandnephew of William Hunt, Secretary of the Navy under President Garfield. Notwithstanding the fact that he was born blind in one eye, he managed to pass all examinations after three trials, and is now on a two years' cruise, and his mother is trying to get him back home. He is a midshipman and in love with sea life.

12. When it was announced that Miss Alice Roosevelt, the President's daughter, would attend the coronation of King Edward in June, a great many American citizens had a great deal to say on the subject. So much indeed, that it has been decided that she shall not be there. Now there is almost as much talk about her not going, as no one at the White House will say why she has concluded not to go.

13. James M. Swift, a brother-in-law of the Republican director of New York politics, Senator Thomas C. Platt, died at his home in Tarrytown, N. Y., in March, in his eighty-third year. He had been postmaster of North Tarrytown for fifteen years, having been appointed first by President Cleveland. He used to sing in the church choir at Owego, N. Y., with

Senator Platt, and it was agreed between them, that whenever they visited the old church each one was to put a five dollar gold piece into the contribution box, and the agreement was religiously observed.

14, 15. The condition of the health of King Leopold of Belgium is such that he may reach the end at any time, and his successor is coming into prominence. Prince Albert of Flanders, the heir to the Belgian throne, is a nephew of the King, and is a young man of studious habits and a great traveler. He visited the United States in 1898. He is twenty-seven years old. His wife was the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria. She is a woman of pleasing manners and very fond of outdoor sports.

16. The most eccentric merchant in the United States, Charles Broadway Rouss of New York, died there in March, aged 66, leaving an estate of several millions made as a dry goods merchant. It was his custom to pay his clerks one dollar a day, each, and payment was made every day. All his buying and selling were strictly for cash. During the last few years he was blind and he had a standing offer of a million dollars to any one who would restore his sight. He employed a man, whose sight was affected as his was, for the doctors to experiment on. He was a Virginian and was buried at Winchester in that state, where he had a mausoleum costing \$40,000 and a monument costing \$15,000 at his family lot.

17. A rumor was circulated recently to the effect that Count Leo Tolstol, the famous Russian novelist and writer on economic subjects, had died in that country, and that the authorities would not permit the news to be sent out. Tolstol, though rich, lived as a peasant, working in the fields and trying to set an example to the higher classes of the equality of man. In this country he would have been called a crank.

18, 19. Much talk has been made in diplomatic circles of Europe over the story that King Alexander of Serbia had agreed to sell his throne, and retire from business in favor of some substitute banished by Russia. The rumor added that he was urged to the transfer by Queen Draga. The King has denied the story in a formal announcement and says he will remain King and that he and his wife are in love with each other and will rule the country together.

20. At the coronation of King Edward and his Queen, Alexandra will not be crowned by the same archbishop that crowns the King, who will be the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop of York will place the crown on the Queen's head.

21. The latest change President Roosevelt has made in his Cabinet is the substitution of Congressman W. H. Moody of Massachusetts for Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, who was appointed by President McKinley. Secretary Moody was born in Haverhill, Mass. in 1853, is a lawyer, and been two terms in Congress. Mr. Long will retire from politics and practice law in Boston.

22. Much discussion has arisen over the court-martial of Major Littleton Waller of the Marine Corps, charged with atrocities upon Philippine prisoners. Major Waller's record in the war with Spain was of the very best and it is believed that if the charges against him were true that he was not in his right mind, owing to the sufferings undergone by him and his command in the island of Samar.

23, 24. Notwithstanding Lord Kitchener's announcement to the British Parliament that the Boer war was practically over, the Boers in March inflicted upon the British forces under Gen. Lord Methuen one of the most disastrous defeats of the entire war. Lord Methuen was twice wounded and captured, many of his officers and men were killed and captured and all his trains taken. The victorious Boers were commanded by Gen. Delarey.

25. One of the victims of the Park Avenue Hotel fire in New York City was Mrs. Rebecca S. Foster, known as the "Tombs Angel." Mrs. Foster was a widow with means, and she devoted her time and her money to ministering to the needs of women and girls who were so unfortunate as to become inmates of New York's prison, called "The Tombs." Mrs. Foster was in reality an angel to many an unfortunate and her death has caused a vacancy which can never be quite filled.

26, 27. No government scandal ever attracted wider attention than that of the conspiracy of Captain Oberlin M. Carter of the U. S. Army Engineer Corps and members of the Atlantic Contracting Company to defraud the government out of more than two million dollars in improvements of the harbor of Savannah and other ports in Georgia and Florida, and Captain Carter went to the penitentiary for his part in it. Recently Col. John I. Gaynor and B. D. Greene, well-known New Yorkers, suddenly left the city to prevent arrest on charges supposed to have been forgotten, and the scandal came out into the air again. Carter's friends believe he is innocent. He spent large sums in high living, but his father-in-law is a rich man, and liberal.

28. Society leaders have their troubles like the rest of human beings, and recently the Countess of Warwick, one of the grandest ladies of English society, was thrown from her horse while hunting in Essex, and was badly bruised and shaken up. As may be seen by her picture she is a handsome woman.

29, 30. There seems to be a general desire among all nations to bring about peace between Great Britain and the Boers, but Britain is stubborn and will listen only to unconditional surrender. Holland, being the closest nation to the Boers, recently sent her Prime Minister, Dr. Abram Kuyper, to London, on their behalf, but Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Minister, would not agree to propositions made, and the war still goes on.

31. This is a peculiar country. Prince Henry had not been out of it two days before the newspapers were full of the story that Dr. von Holleben, the German Ambassador, had been asked by the State Department to leave because he had taken too active a part in the campaign of 1900 for Mr. Bryan. The Ambassador denied the stories and he is still representing Germany at Washington.

32. American women, wherever they appear in foreign countries, are almost sure to become leaders in whatever they undertake, especially in all social matters. In classic Greece the latest one has appeared and she is Miss Katherine Colfelt, daughter of Rev. Dr. Colfelt of Philadelphia, and her most devoted admirer is Prince Andrew, son of King George of Greece.

33. Christian Science is daily gaining converts in this country, and the most prominent convert recently reported is Miss Helen Griggs, the beautiful daughter of ex-United States Attorney General Griggs of New Jersey. Miss Griggs denies that she is a convert, but she has become interested in the subject.

34. During the visit of Prince Henry to this country a baby camel was born at the Zoo in Central Park, New York, and Keeper Shannon, who is personally acquainted with one hundred thousand children who come to see the animals named the baby "Prince Henry." It is needless to say that the children are all crazy to see the baby.

35. One of the best known radical politicians in this country was John P. Altgeld, a Chicago attorney, who was at one time Governor of Illinois. He was a powerful speaker and very daring in his almost anarchistic utterances. In March, just after a speech at Joliet, defending the Boers, in which he denounced the English Ambassador, Lord Pauncefoot, he was stricken with paralysis, and died the next day. He was born in Germany in 1847 and came to this country when three years old.

36. One of the school inspectors recently appointed in New York City is Mrs. Anna V. Bolte, wife of Civil Justice Herman Bolte, and a great grand niece of General Lafayette, America's best friend in France during the Revolution. She had been a school teacher for six years before she married. She is yet a young woman and handsome.

37, 38. No corporation in this country is more widely known than the Western Union Telegraph Company, and there are few of us who have not at some time sent or received a message over its wires. The President of the great company for many years has been Gen. Thomas T. Eckert, but he is growing old and resigned the cares of his office in March and became Chairman of the Board of Directors. He was succeeded as President by Col. Robert C. Clowry of Chicago, who began his service with the company as a messenger boy.

39. The people of Italy are eagerly looking forward to the arrival of an heir to the throne. Great solicitude is shown for Queen Helena whose popularity has constantly increased since her marriage to King Victor Emmanuel. The King and Queen of Italy are noted for their democratic ideas and life.

40. The only woman prison chaplain in the United States is, or was, Mrs. Mary Preston Blosson, chaplain of the Wyoming State Penitentiary. Owing to the impending removal of the prison from Laramie to Rawlins, Mrs. Blosson has resigned. She held the office two years and was very successful in reforming the convicts. Her husband is the Vice President of Wyoming University. She is the first woman to have taken the degree of Ph D. at Cornell University.

41. John Voepel is a fifteen year old boy who is held on the charge of murdering his mother in New York City. She was a widow and she and her boy kept a news-stand and made money. She was found dead in her room by the boy, with eighteen knife wounds on her body. The boy denied all knowledge of the crime, and he was exonerated by the Coroner's jury, but was re-arrested by the police. His picture scarcely looks like that of a murderer.

42. An Englishman, who is likely to be at the head of the English government at no distant day is Lord Roseberry, who is not only a man of great ability as a statesman, but he is the son-in-law of the Rothschilds and is one of the richest men in England. He is also a "good fellow," as we say in America.



27. Col. J. I. Gaynor.



28. Countess of Warwick.



29. Dr. A. Kuyper.



30. Lord Lansdowne.



31. Dr. von Holleben.



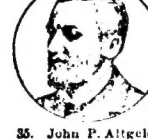
32. Miss Katherine Colfelt.



33. Miss Helen Griggs.



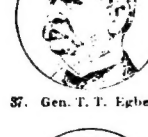
34. Mr. Shannon.



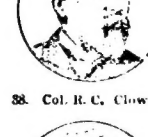
35. John P. Altgeld.



36. Mrs. A. V. Bolte.



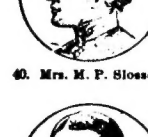
37. Gen. T. T. Eckert.



38. Col. R. C. Clowry.



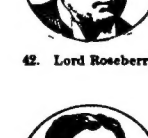
39. Queen of Italy.



40. Mrs. M. P. Blosson.



41. John Voepel.



42. Lord Roseberry.



18. King Alexander.



19. Queen Draga.



20. Arch. of York.



21. Sec. W. H. Moody.



22. Major Littleton Waller.



23. Lord Kitchener.



24. Gen. Delarey.



25. Mrs. Rebecca S. Foster.



26. Capt. O. M. Carter.



NED TODD

The Oklahoma Detective, —OR— The Strange Cabin in the Wilderness.

BY HENRY DALE.

Author of "Boomers and Cattle Kings," "The Cheyenne Outbreak," "Shadowing a Shadow," "Chepita," "Mormonism Unveiled," Etc.

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The opening chapters of this intensely interesting story appeared in February COMFORT. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing three cents to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, for each number desired.

During the past year portions of Indian Territory were opened to settlement by the Government allotment of lots by chance, and the scenes that were enacted in the years gone by, when Oklahoma was the objective point of settlers from east and west, north and south, were again presented in a much more exciting manner. A Kansas telephone girl luckily secured a lot valued at \$17,000, and others were nearly as fortunate.

Because of the exciting events that have transpired in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, events that have attracted the attention of the whole country, the story of "Ned Todd" is presented to our readers in the hope that instruction and entertainment may be derived from its perusal.

CHAPTER X. IN THE TOILS.

Again, when the emergency demanded it, were the nerves of the youth like steel. He was even astonished at his own coolness.

Some one touched his arm. It was Todd. Miss Miller was near enough for them to bring her to their little group by a simple motion of the head.

"Come," the detective faintly whispered. The jungle was very dark. There really seemed no avenue of escape, but all determined to make one gallant effort for liberty.

A faint rustling of the bushes and grass on the other side of the house was heard, and Todd knew that they dare not wait any longer. Their foes, knowing them to be armed and dangerous, were a little backward about making the attack, but there was no doubt that it would be made soon. It would now require all the courage and skill of Indian scouts, to creep through the bushes and tall grass, and escape from the line of foes that was being carefully drawn around them. Unfortunately for our friends, they had been compelled to leave their rifles behind them and had only their revolvers.

By the greatest caution and skill they got from the old house and began making their way southward. They came upon a spot that was almost barren of vegetation which had to be crossed or gone around. There was only an occasional bunch of grass growing upon the open spot, to conceal anyone that would attempt to cross it. After a few moments, the detective whispered:

"I must make the venture."
"I am ready," said Archie, at the same time casting an inquiring glance at Miss Miller. She interpreted the look and in a whisper assured them that she was ready to make any venture that they might deem necessary.

Todd went first, crawling on the ground and keeping close to the earth. Archie and Miss Miller followed close after him. He kept close to her, that he might defend her.

"Whist!" the detective said. Archie and Daisy crouched behind a clump of bushes, the youth holding a revolver in his hand.

Todd lifted his head above the grass to look about him. Suddenly a sharp report rang out on the night air, awakening the sleeping echoes and sending a whistling ball close to the head of the detective. Todd raised his revolver and pointed it in the direction from whence the shot had come, but though he saw the flash of the gun, he could get no glimpse of the marksman and did not dare risk a shot at random.

Again he dropped to the ground, and for a moment all three lay motionless.

Voices were heard talking in a low tone in the thicket, and the hurried tramp of feet could be heard in almost every direction.

"They are concentrating, Arch, we must make a dash for it," said Todd.

All three bounded to their feet and took to their heels.

"Crack, crack," rang out a pair of rifle shots, and though the bullets whistled uncomfortably near their heads, they escaped unhurt and reached the forest unhurt.

But the pursuit had now begun in earnest. The Oklahoma bandits were gathering from every direction and joining in the chase. The game had at last been started out and never were fox hunters more determined to be in at the death.

"Halt, hold on, and we will give you quarter!" shouted one of the pursuers nearest them.

They were fleeing down a dark aisle in the forest, and the broken rays of moonlight sufficiently lighted the way for objects to be seen some distance ahead. Archie and Daisy were before, and Major Todd following close after them. As they paid no attention to the command, their pursuer fired at them, but the aim was too hasty to be accurate. The ball whistled harmlessly through the air, missing the mark by two feet.

"The scoundrels are having it too much their own way," said Todd, turning about, his revolver in his hand.

Archie cast a glance behind him, and through the whiff of smoke saw the foremost of his pursuers drop his gun and fall upon his face. Notwithstanding the great distance, Todd had hit the mark.

"It will be a lesson," said the Major, as he ran close behind Archie and Miss Miller.

Wild yells of rage filled the air. Their pursuers grew desperate and began firing at every

opportunity that afforded itself. Having long range guns, and the fugitives being armed only with pistols, the contest was unequal.

Daisy grew faint, and Archie seized her in his arms and ran forward notwithstanding her protests and assertions that she could walk.

"You are not strong enough," he said.

"Then leave me. You can escape if you do not hamper yourself with me."

"I would die a thousand times rather than be guilty of such a cowardly act," he responded.

But it was evident the flight would be of short duration. The detective's dreaded revolver kept the human blood hounds at bay, but it was only temporarily.

Archie understood the situation, and realizing that a sacrifice must be made, said:

"Major, we must separate. You are fresh and strong; take this girl and carry her, while I draw the enemy off in pursuit of me. Die rather than give her up to them."

The detective understood him, and though he was grieved to the heart that such a noble sacrifice should be made, yet he was unable to prevent it. He took the almost exhausted girl from the arms of the panting youth and hurried off with her.

Archie, with a revolver in each hand, wheeled about, and facing the foe opened a fire on them which checked their headway, until the detective and his precious burden were out of sight, and then turning off to the left drew the Oklahoma bandits after him down into a ravine and in quite a different direction from that taken by the detective and the maiden.

The pursuers were seven in number, when they had all got together. One had been killed by the detective's shot, and he was quite certain that he had disabled another.

"Stop! halt, ye scoundrel, or we'll bore ye through," yelled one of the pursuers, pressing close after the fugitive.

Archie turned about and fired shot with no effect, save to check the pursuer for a moment.

"I must be getting nervous," he thought

"What are you going to do with me?" the youth asked.

His loquacious guard laughed.

"What ar' we gwine ter do with ye? ha, ha, ha, that's a good un now. Well, ye'll find out. I'm thinkin' ye'll be makin' fun fur the boys and testin' the strength o' a rope afore many weeks hev passed."

"Why, do you intend hanging me?"

"Wouldn't you hang us ef ye had us in yer power?"

"No, I would just turn you over to the proper authorities, and let them deal with you according to law."

"Ye would, well that'd be about the same thing I reckon. No, if one o' our men war captured he'd be hung. When they got Mose Skaggs in Texas they hung him without a trial. We hang when we ketch one o' their men, and they hang when they git one o' us."

"I am not one of their men. I do not belong in Texas."

"Don't make no difference, we know to which side ye belong. We are at war with all the world, and don't show no quarter to no un."

They were now at the house and the youthful prisoner was ushered into the front apartment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HORSES FOUND.

The crippled idiot still lay upon the floor, but, awakened by the entrance of the two brigands with their prisoner, he began chuckling and screaming with delight.

"Shet up, Snap, shet up," cried one of the guards.

"He, he, he, he, he, he!" laughed the idiot, kicking and rolling and chuckling, as he held the sheepskin rug in his arms. The foremost guard at last administered a kick in his side, which momentarily silenced him.

"Snap's an idiot, he's a fool, an' he'd jest as soon eat ye up as not," said one of the guards.

Archie made no response, but suffered him-



BEFORE ANOTHER WORD COULD BE SPOKEN THREE OR FOUR DARK FORMS LEAPED OUT OF THE WOODS AND SEIZED THE HORSE BY THE BITS.

He ran at the top of his speed, but his strength seemed at last deserting him. His nerves had been so long strained that he realized that they could not hold out much longer.

While flying down a rocky ravine with his pursuer close at his heels, he stumbled and fell. Before he could recover himself, they were on him. Wild, exultant yells filled the air, and Archie was quickly disarmed.

He expected each moment to be his last. The outlaws were furious at the loss of one of their number. They were a wild, ferocious set, and many of them, having the blood of the Indian in their veins, were little better than Indians.

Never had he seen a wilder or more motley crowd. Some of them wore the slashed trousers and doublets of the Mexican, and all were attired in the frontier costume.

Their conversation was carried on part in English and part in Spanish, yet in such a wild, excited manner, that he could not understand any of it.

His hands were tied behind his back, and one of the outlaws raising him to his feet, said:

"Come on."

"Where'll we take him?" another asked.

These were the first words that he fully understood, the others were to him a hurried jumble of senseless jargon.

"To the house," the first speaker answered.

Archie now discovered that but two men were with him, evidently a guard to take him to the house, while the others were going off in pursuit of his companions.

"You acted purty smart, youngster," said one of his guards. "Ye must a thought that ye war doin' suthin' smart, when ye went down inter the cellar and got the gal, but I guess the Cap'n will git her back. Ye war very brave, but it won't do yer any good. When Cap'n sets out to do anything, he does it, I guess."

"Who is your Captain?" Archie asked.

"Our Cap'n is Jim Snell."

"The Oklahoma robber and horse thief?"

"Well, ye put it purty strong, though I guess it haint fur from bein' right."

self to be tied to a chair with deerskin thongs, so tightly that he could not rise.

Then the two outlaws sat down, after stirring up the embers, and gazed into the fire. The idiot, as was his singular custom, after being kicked, went to sleep.

"The night's a goin' away, an' we'll not git one wink o' sleep," said one of the guards.

"Yes."

"Why can't we sleep one at a time?"

The man addressed cast a longing look at the door leading into the bed-room and said:

"I don't see why one o' us couldn't sleep, Jack."

"No, nothin' to hinder it."

"Well, who'll turn in first?"

"Less draw straws an' see who it'll be."

"Well."

"Git the straws."

The idiot turned over and chuckled in his sleep, and the man called Jack rose and going to a broom that stood in the corner broke out a couple of straws.

"Here they are, Tom," said Jack, with a yawn.

"All right," the drowsy Tom answered.

The idiot chuckled in his sleep.

"Eh, Snap, yer a fool, ain't yer?" said Jack, touching the sleeping cripple with his foot.

The idiot awoke, and laughed and chuckled, kicking his clubbed feet about in the air.

"Let him alone, Jack. Let's see who's goin' to git the fust sleep," said Tom, with a yawn.

"All right."

They drew straws, and Jack was the fortunate man.

"Good," he laughed. "Luck's on my side at last."

Tom swore at his ill luck and told Jack to go off to bed.

"Guess I'll git along some way," he growled.

"When'll the others come back?" asked Jack.

"Soon ez they git the other feller an' the gal."

"That's not likely tonight."

"Did Bryce go with 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' thar's none o' the household up at this hour ter git a feller a drink o' liquor?"

"No."

Jack rose to his feet again, and stretching his arms upward to their enormous length, yawned.

"Well, good night, Tom," he said, as he went to the adjoining room, in which was a bed.

"Good night, and little good will all the sleep ye git this night do ye."

Jack laughed, but made no answer.

Tom was now alone with his prisoner. He leaned back in the large, old-fashioned rocking chair and closed his eyes. He was almost asleep when a slight movement on the part of his prisoner caused him to awake, and snatching his pistol from its scabbard, he leveled it at Archie's head.

"Jist try it ef ye dare."

"I was not trying to get away," said Archie.

"Ye lie, ye know yer war atyin' ter git away from me," cried the angry guard.

"I am tied so tightly that my wrists are very painful, and I cannot sit long in one position."

"Well, ye'll be quiet now, ef I hev ter shoot ye ter make ye do so."

Archie knew that it was useless for him to appeal to the wretch for mercy, and consequently he opened not his mouth.

The guard again closed his eyes, and in a few moments his regular breathing told that he was asleep.

"If my hands and feet were free," the youthful prisoner thought, "I could soon escape from the wretches."

An hour passed, and the guard snored. The prisoner was in great pain, but so overcome by long days of fatigue and loss of sleep, that he was dozing, when he felt something touch his legs.

In a moment he was wide awake.

At his feet, crouching like some animal, was the mysterious, idiotic cripple. What was he doing? Bound as he was, the prisoner could not exactly see what he was about. But suddenly he felt his feet freed.

The idiot then raised himself to a crouching position, so that he could look into the face of the prisoner, and winked. Grotesque and distorted as those features were, there was something fine and noble and familiar about them. What was it?

The cripple calmly crept around to the rear, and there remained for a moment. He could feel his hairy, scarred face against his wrist and that he was gnawing the deerskin thongs that bound him.

In a few moments the captive's hands were freed, and the cripple gathering up the pieces of thongs put them in the prisoner's pockets, and crept noiselessly back to his rug and lay down to sleep. The prisoner could not but admire the cunning and courage of this remarkable cripple.

Who was he and what was there so strange about him? Often had he heard it whispered when on the border, that there was a mystery in Oklahoma, which was beyond the power of man to solve. He had heard of a man there who was part animal and part human. Was this the Oklahoma mystery which had been magnified into such a fabulous description as was going all over the West?

When the cripple had reached his rug, he raised his head and pointed with his misshapen hand toward the door.

Archie Holland was not slow to follow his suggestion. He rose softly from the chair on which he was sitting and went to the door, which was bolted on the inside. Leaning against the wall by the side of the door was a rifle, which was outlined by the faintly smouldering fire. A belt containing two revolvers and a knife was hanging across the muzzle of the gun. When Archie reached the door, he paused with one hand on the butt of one of the pistols, and looked back at the sleeping guard. But his breathing was so heavy that there was no doubt of his being asleep, and there seemed but little danger of waking him.

He carefully raised the revolver belt and buckled it about his waist. It fitted exactly, and to his joy he recognized it as belonging to himself, and, thanking the fates and shrewd cripple who lay sleeping so innocently on the rug, the youth cautiously grasped the rifle, opened the door and walked out of the house.

Once more in open air, once more free. He seemed to regain some of his old strength with the thought. The moon was almost down, and by consulting his watch he discovered that the night was well-nigh spent.

Before he had gone a fourth of a mile he heard noises ahead of him, and coming to a halt listened.

"It's human voices," he said.

There was no mistake about it, for he could even hear some of the words that were spoken.

"Well we're nearly there," one was saying.

Then the words grew indistinct, owing perhaps to a light change in the wind. Archie Holland knew that those men approaching him were either the returning bandits or a party of the Oklahoma boomers or soldiers sent to eject them. But the chances were greatly in favor of their being brigands.

He concealed himself behind a tree, and with his thumb on the hammer of his rifle, waited until they had passed by.

"I knowed it would be a wild goose chase," one said.

"It beats all how the fellers come to let Todd git away, after they once had their clutches on him."

"It was Jack an' Tom's fault."

"It war Cap Snell's fault. What do he want to take prisoners fur anyway? Ez long ez we didn't we never had any trouble. 'Dead men tell no tales' ye know, an' now this feller an' gal's got away an' I'll spread the news fur an' wide, until we hev a hull army o' soldiers an' detectives down on us."

"Maybe we'll git 'em yit."

"No, we won't."

"Why?"

"Cos I know they'll not be cotched."

"But Cap an' some o' 'em are still out, an' as soon as it's daylight which won't be very long off neither, they'll git on their trail."

"Yes but the fools went off without a single hoss, and what's a man goin' ter do a foot?"

"Haint the others afoot an' won't we be back in time to help 'em out with the hosses?"

"I think it's doubtful. Didn't Jack an' Tom stay behind to guard that other prisoner?"

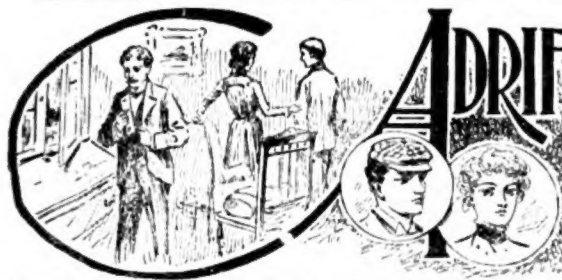
"Yes."

"Like ez not they'll let him git away."

"Ha, ha, ha! Dyke, yer out o' humor to-night!"

They had passed the fugitive, and were now so far away that their voices could be no longer heard. It was with no little degree of satisfaction, that Archie Holland heard the above conversation. It was very evident that the detec-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



ADrift IN NEW YORK

OR TOM AND FLORENCE BRAVING THE WORLD.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of Ragged Dick Series, Making His Way, Luck and Pluck Series, A Rolling Stone, etc.

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CHAPTER V.

DODGER.

The boy sprang to the side of Florence and seized her wrists in his strong young grasp. "Don't you alarm the house," he said, "or I'll—"

"What will you do?" gasped Florence, in alarm.

The boy was evidently softened by her beauty, and answered in a tone of hesitation:

"I don't know. I won't harm you if you keep quiet."

"What are you here for?" asked Florence, fixing her eyes on the boy's face. "Are you a thief?"

"I don't know—yes, I suppose I am."

"How sad, when you are so young."

"What! miss, do you pity me?"

"Yes, my poor boy; you must be very poor or you wouldn't bring yourself to steal."

"No. I ain't poor; leastways, I have enough to eat and I have a place to sleep."

"Then why don't you earn your living honestly?"

"I can't; I must obey orders."

"Whose orders?"

"Why, the gov'nor's, to be sure."

"Did he tell you to open that secretary?"

"Yes."

"Who is the gov'nor, as you call him?"

"I can't tell; it wouldn't be square."

"He must be a very wicked man."

"Well, he ain't exactly what you call an angel, but I've seen wuss men than the gov'nor."

"Do you mind telling me your own name?"

"No; for I know you won't peach on me. Tom Dodger."

"Dodger?"

"Yes."

"That isn't a surname."

"It's all I've got. That's what I'm always called."

"It is very singular," said Florence, fixing a glance of mingled curiosity and perplexity upon the young visitor.

While the two were earnestly conversing in that subdued light afforded by the lowered gaslight, Tim Bolton crept in through the door unobserved by either, tip-toed across the room to the secretary, snatched the will and a roll of bills and escaped, still without attracting attention.

"Oh, I wish I could persuade you to give up this bad life, and become honest."

"Do you really care what becomes of me, miss?"

"I do, indeed."

"That's very kind of you, miss; but I don't understand it. You are a rich young lady and I'm only a poor boy, livin' in a Bowery dive."

"What's that?"

"Never mind, miss, such as you wouldn't understand. Why, all my life I've lived with thieves and drunkards and bunco men and—"

"But I'm sure you don't like it. You are fit for something better."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes; you have a good face. You were meant to be good and honest, I am sure."

"Would you trust me?" asked the boy, fixing his large dark eyes eloquently on the face of Florence.

"Yes, I would if you would only leave your evil companions and become true to your better nature."

"No one ever spoke to me like that before, miss."

said Dodger, his expressive features showing that he was strongly moved. "You think I could be good if I tried hard, and grow up respectable?"

"I am sure you could," said Florence, confidently.

There was something in this boy, young outlaw though he was, that moved her powerfully, and even fascinated her, though she hardly realized it.

"I could if I was rich like you and lived in a nice house, and 'sociated with swells. If you had a father like mine—"

"Is he a bad man?"

"Well, he don't belong to the church. He keeps a gin-mill, and has ever since I was a kid."

"Have you always lived with him?"

"Yes; but not in New York."

"Where, then?"

"In Melbourne."

"That's in Australia."

"Yes, miss."

"How long since you came to New York?"

"I guess it's about three years."

"And you have always had this man as guardian?"

"You've got a different father from me, miss?"

Tears forced themselves to the eyes of Florence as this remark brought forcibly to her mind the position in which she was placed.

"Alas! I am alone in the world."

"What! ain't the old gentleman that lives here your father?"

"He is my uncle; but he is very, very angry with me, and has ordered me to leave the house."

"Why, what a cantankerous old ruffian he is to be sure!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly.

"Hush! you must not talk against my uncle. He has always been kind to me till now."

"Why, what's up? What's he mad about?"

"He wants me to marry my cousin Curtis, a man I do not even like."

"That's a shame! Is it the dude I saw come out of the house a little while ago?"

"Oh, no; that's a different gentleman. It's Mr. de Brabazon."

"You don't want to marry him do you?"

"No, no!"

"I'm glad of that. He don't look as if he knew enough to come in when it rained."

"The poor young man is not very brilliant, but I would rather marry him than Curtis Waring."

"I've seen him, too. He's got dark hair and a dark complexion, and a wicked look in his eyes."

"You, too, have noticed that?"

"I've seen such as him before. He's a bad man."

"Do you know anything against him?" asked Florence, eagerly.

"Only his looks."

"I am not deceived," murmured Florence. "It's not wholly prejudice. The boy distrusts him, too. So you see, Dodger, whatever happens. Promise me that you never will steal again!"

"There's my hand, miss—I promise. Nobody ever talked to me like you. I never thought much about bein' respectable, and growin' up to be somebody, but if you take an interest in me I'll try hard to do right."

At this moment Mr. Linden, clad in a long morning-gown, and holding a candle in his hand, entered the room and started in astonishment when he saw Florence placing the hand of one

whose appearance led him to stamp as a young rough.

"Shameless girl!" he exclaimed, in stern reproof. "So this is the company you keep when you think I am out of the way!"

CHAPTER VI.

A TEMPEST.

The charge was so strange and unexpected that Florence was overwhelmed. She could only murmur:

"Oh, uncle!"

Her young companion was indignant. Already he felt that Florence had consented to accept him as a friend, and he was resolved to stand by her.

"I say, old man," he bristled up, "don't you go to insult her! She's an angel."

"No doubt you think so," rejoined Mr. Linden, in a tone of sarcasm. "Upon my word, miss, I congratulate you on your elevated taste. So this is your reason for not being willing to marry your cousin Curtis?"

"Indeed, uncle, you are mistaken. I never met this boy till tonight."

"Don't try to deceive me. Young man, did you open my secretary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And robbed it into the bargain," continued Linden, going to the secretary and examining it. He did not, however, miss the will, but only the roll of bills. "Give me back the money you have taken from it, you young rascal!"

"I took nothing, sir."

"It's a lie! The money is gone, and no one else could have taken it."

"I don't allow no one to call me a liar. Just take that back, old man, or I—"

"Indeed, uncle, he took nothing, for he had only just opened the secretary when I woke up and

spoke to him."

"You stand by him, you shameless girl! I blush to think that you are my niece. I am glad to think that my eyes are opened before it is too late." The old merchant rang the bell violently. Dodger made no attempt to escape, but stood beside Florence in the attitude of a protector. But a short time elapsed before Curtis Waring and the servants entered the room, and gazed with wonder at the excited old man and the two young people.

"My friends," said John Linden, "I call you to witness that this girl, whom I blush to acknowledge as my niece, has proved herself unworthy of my kindness. In your presence I cut her off, and bid her never again darken my door."

"But what has she done, uncle?" asked Curtis. He was prepared for the presence of Dodger, whom he rightly concluded to be an agent of Tim Bolton, but he could not understand why Florence should be in the library at this late hour. Nor was he able to understand the evidently friendly relations between her and the young visitor.

"What has she done?" repeated John Linden. "She has introduced that young ruffian into the house to rob me. Look at that secretary! He has forced it open, and stolen a large sum of money."

"It is not true, sir," said Dodger, calmly—"about taking the money, I mean. I haven't taken a cent."

"Then why did you open the secretary?"

"I did mean to take money, but she stopped me."

"Oh, she stopped you!" repeated Linden, with withering sarcasm. "Then, perhaps, you will tell me where the money is gone?"

"He hasn't discovered about the will," thought Curtis, congratulating himself. "If the boy has it, I must manage to give him a chance to escape."

"You can search me if you want to," continued Dodger, proudly. "You won't find no money on me."

"Do you think I am a fool, you young burglar?" exclaimed John Linden, angrily.

"Uncle, let me speak to the boy," said Curtis, soothingly. "I think he will tell me."

"As you like, Curtis; but I am convinced that he is a thief."

Curtis Waring beckoned Dodger into an adjoining room.

"Now, my boy," he said, smoothly, "give me what you took from the secretary, and I will see that you are not arrested."

"But, sir, I didn't take nothing—it's just as I told the old duffer. The girl waked up just as I'd got the secretary open, and I didn't have a chance."

"But the money is gone," said Curtis, in an incredulous tone.

"I don't know nothing about that."

"Come, you'd better examine your pockets. In the hurry of the moment you may have taken it without knowing it."

"No I couldn't."

"Didn't you take a paper of any kind? Sometimes papers are of more value than money."

"No. I didn't take no paper, though Tim told me to."

Curtis quietly ignored the allusion to Tim, for it did not suit his purpose to get Tim into trouble. His unscrupulous agent knew too much that would compromise his principal.

"Are you willing that I should examine you?"

"Yes, I am. Go ahead."

Curtis thrust his hand into the pockets of the boy, but was not repaid by the discovery of anything. He was very much perplexed.

"Didn't you throw the articles on the floor?" he demanded suspiciously.

"No, I didn't."

"You didn't give them to the young lady?"

"No; if I had she would have said so."

"Humph! this is strange. What is your name?"

"Dodger."

"That's a queer name. Have you no other?"

"Not as I know of."

"With whom do you live?"

"With my father. Leastways, he says he's my father."

There was a growing suspicion in the mind of Curtis Waring. He scanned the boy's features with attention. Could this ill-dressed boy be his long-lost and deeply-wronged cousin?

"Who is it that says he is your father?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Do you want to get him into trouble?"

"No, I don't want to get him into trouble, or you either. Better tell me all, and I will be your friend."

"You're a better sort than I thought at first," said Dodger. "The man I live with is called Tim Bolton."

"I thought so," quickly ejaculated Curtis. He had scarcely got out the words before he was sensible that he made a mistake.

"What, do you know Tim?" inquired Dodger, in surprise.

"I mean," replied Curtis, lamely, "that I had heard of this man Bolton. He keeps a saloon on the Bowery, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"I thought you would be living with some such man. Did he come to the house with you to-night?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"He stayed outside."

"Perhaps he is there now."

"Don't you go to having him arrested," said Dodger suspiciously.

"I will keep my promise. Are you sure you didn't pass out the paper and the money to him?"

"No, I didn't. When I came into the room yonder I saw the gal asleep, and I thought she wouldn't hear me, but when I'd got the desk open she spoke

to me and asked me what I was doin'."

"And you took nothing?"

"No."

"It seems very strange. I cannot understand it. Yet my uncle says the money is gone. Did anyone else enter the room while you were talking with Miss Linden?"

"I didn't see anyone."

"What were you talking about?"

"She said the old man wanted her to marry you, and she didn't want to."

"She told you that?" exclaimed Curtis, in displeasure.

"Yes, she did. She said she'd rather marry the dude that was here early this evenin'."

"Mr. de Brabazon?"

"Yes, that's the name."

"Upon my word, she was very confidential. You are a queer person for her to select as a confidant."

"Maybe so, sir; but she knows I'm her friend."

"You like the young lady, then? Perhaps you would like to marry her yourself?"

"As if she'd taken any notice of a poor boy like me. I told her if her uncle sent her away, I'd take care of her and be a brother to her."

"How would Mr. Tim Bolton like that?"

"I wouldn't take her to where he lives."

"I think, myself, it would hardly be a suitable home for a young lady brought up on Madison avenue. There is certainly no accounting for tastes. Miss Florence—"

"That's her name, is it?"

"Yes; didn't she tell you?"

"No; but it's a nice name."

"She declines my hand, and accepts your protection. It will certainly be a proud distinction to become Mrs. Dodger."

"Don't you laugh at her!" said Dodger, suspiciously.

"I don't propose to. But I think we may as well return to the library."

"Well," said Mr. Linden, as his nephew returned with Dodger.

"I have examined the boy and found nothing on his person. I confess I am puzzled. He appears to have a high admiration for Florence—"

"As I supposed."

"She has even confided to him her dislike for me, and he has offered her his protection."

"Is this so, miss?" demanded Mr. Linden, sternly.

"Yes, uncle," faltered Florence.

"Then you can join the young person you have selected whenever you please. For your sake I will not have him arrested for attempted burglary. He is welcome to what he has taken, since he is likely to marry into the family. You may stay here to-night, and he can call for you in the morning."

John Linden closed the secretary and left the room, leaving Florence sobbing. The servants, too, retired, and Curtis was left alone with her.

"Florence," he said, "accept my hand, and I will reconcile my uncle to you. Say but the word, and—"

"I can never speak it, Curtis! I will take my uncle at his word. Dodger, call for me tomorrow at eight, and I will accept your friendly services in finding me a new home."

"I'll be on hand, miss. Good-night!"

"Be it so, obstinate girl!" said Curtis, angrily. "The time will come when you will bitterly repent your mad decision."

CHAPTER VII.

FLORENCE LEAVES HOME.

Florence passed a sleepless night. It had come upon her so suddenly, this expulsion from the home of her childhood, that she could not fully realize it. She could not feel that she was taking her last look at the familiar room, and well-remembered dining-room. She was alone at the breakfast table, for the usual breakfast hour was half-past eight, and she had appointed Dodger to call

for her at eight.

"Is it true, Miss Florence, that you're going away?" asked Jane, as she waited upon Florence.

"Yes, Jane," answered Florence, sadly.

"It's a shame, so it is! I didn't think your uncle would be so hard-hearted."

"He is disappointed because I won't marry my cousin Curtis."

"I don't blame you for it, miss. I never liked Mr. Waring. He isn't half good enough for you."

"I say nothing about that, Jane; but I will not marry a man I don't love."

"Nor would I, miss. Where are you going?"

"I don't know," said Florence, despondently.

"But you can't walk about the streets."

"A trusty friend is going to call for me at eight o'clock; when he comes admit him."

"It is a young gentleman?"

"You wouldn't call him such. He is a boy, a poor boy; but I think he is a true friend. He says he will find me a comfortable room somewhere, where I can settle down and look for work."

"Are you going to work for a living, Miss Florence?" asked Jane, horrified.

"I must, Jane."

"It's a great shame—you, a lady born."

"No, I do not look upon it in that light. I shall be happier having my mind and hands occupied."

"What work will you do?"

"I don't know yet. Dodger will advise me."

"Who, miss?"

"Dodger."

"Who is he?"

"It's the boy I spoke of."

"Shure, he's got a queer name."

"Yes; but names don't count for much. It's the heart I think of, and this boy has a kind heart."

"Have you known him long?"

"I saw him yesterday for the first time."

"Is it the young fellow who was here last night?"

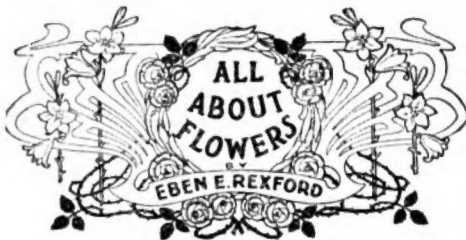
"Yes."

"He isn't fit company for the likes of you."

"You forget, Jane that I am no longer a rich young lady. I am poorer even than you. This Dodger is kind, and I feel that I can trust him."

"If you are poor, Miss Florence," said Jane, hesitating, would you mind borrowing some money of me? I've got ten dollars upstairs in my trunk, and I don't need it at all."

"Thank you, Jane," said Florence, gratefully. "I thought I had but one friend. I find I have two—"



WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

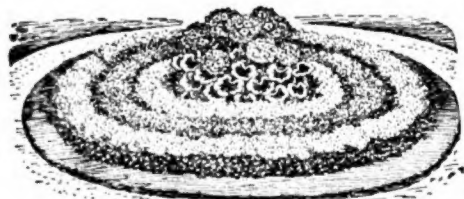
SOME GOOD ANNUALS.



PETUNIAS.

special mention: Sweet Peas, Calliopsis, Asters, Marigolds, Zinnias, Balsams, Scabiosa, Nasturtiums and Morning Glories. All are good. All will grow well in almost any kind of garden soil. None of them require anything but the most ordinary care. Have the soil in which their seed is sowed fine and mellow. Cover it lightly and press the covering down with a smooth board to make the soil firm enough to retain moisture until germination takes place, and the roots of the seedlings can reach down into the ground after nutriment. As soon as the plants are large enough to enable you to tell the difference between them and weeds, go over the beds and clean them out, and make it a point, from that time on, during the remainder of the season, to never allow a weed to more than show its head before you wage warfare on it. You cannot grow good flowers and weeds in the same beds. The weeds will take the lion's share of everything if you allow them to do so. All of the plants named, with the exception of the Aster, will begin to bloom by the middle or last of June, and by midsummer they will be in their prime. To keep them producing flowers, cut off the old blossoms as soon as they fade. If this is not done they will form seed, and if you allow them to do this the energies of the plant will be thrown into the work, and thereafter flowers will be few and far between with most of them.

I discover that I have omitted two of the most desirable kinds—Phlox and Petunias. These deserve a place in every garden. They are wonderfully profuse bloomers, and, if prevented from seeding they will bloom until frost comes.



A PRETTY CIRCULAR BED.

Not all the pretty beds are to be found on the grounds of wealthy people, or among the professional gardeners. One of the loveliest combinations of color I have ever seen was made by using three colors of Phlox, rose-color, pure white, and pale yellow. In the center of the bed—which was circular, and about eight feet across—a Rose Geranium, which had grown to be too large for the window, was planted. About it was a row of rose-colored Phlox, then one of pale yellow, then another of rose-color, and the bed was edged with the pure white variety. The harmony of color, from the green of the Rose Geranium down was very pleasing. The only extra care demanded by such a bed is that of going over the rows two or three times a week, and trimming off the branches of each color which seem inclined to reach over the line into the neighboring color. This can be easily done with clippers or shears, and it is necessary that it should be done if you want the color in each row to show solidly, and without a ragged edge. Allow the



CUSHION PORTULACCA.

plants of different color to blend with each other and the effect aimed at is lost after a little. Shear each kind back sharply to the limit assigned it, and do this often enough to keep each color entirely by itself.

A FLORAL SALAMANDAR.

If there is a hot, sunny place in your garden where nothing likes to grow because of the too intense heat which characterizes the place, try the Portulacca there. This little low-growing, half-creeping flower will stand more heat than anything else I know of in the list of the annuals. It seems to take an intense delight in the hottest sunshine, and day after day it will unfold its brilliant flowers in wonderful profusion, and make the spot where it grows one of the gayest in the garden. It comes in all shades of red, rose, crimson, yellow, and pure white. Of late years the florists have succeeded in producing double flowers which are quite like miniature roses. These are much finer than the single varieties. About twenty per cent. of the plants from an ordinary package of seed will produce double flowers, as a general thing. This plant is an excellent one for low beds, near the path, or close to the house, because of its low, spreading habit.



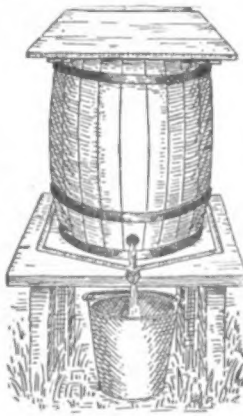
PANSIES.

Every woman who loves flowers will want some of these in her garden. But she will be quite likely to be disappointed with them during the summer, as they will give but few flowers as a general thing, and these not at all like the large and brilliantly colored blossoms she had been led to expect from the description in the catalogues. The fact is the Pansy is not a good summer bloomer. It is not until the cool weather of fall sets in that

spring-sown plants are at their best. Therefore, during the hot weather of July and August do not allow your plants to bloom. Hold them in reserve for a season that suits them better, by picking off every bud that appears. About the first of August go over all the plants and cut back each branch at least two-thirds its length. This will cause the plants to produce new branches, and by the first of September they will have renewed themselves to such an extent that you have a lot of strong, vigorous plants in excellent condition for doing good work during the rest of the fall. They should be fertilized well along about the first of September, by digging in old rotted manure from the cow yard about each plant. Or, if you prefer, a liquid manure can be used instead. Pansies for early spring flowering must be grown from seedlings started the preceding fall, or from plants procured from florists who get them under way very early in the season.

LIQUID MANURE.

The woman who lives on a small country place or farm has many advantages over the woman who lives in village or city, in the way of flower-growing. One of these advantages is the facility with which she can prepare fertilizers for her flowers. An ideal fertilizer can be made by filling an old barrel with cow-manure, and leaching it. Pound the manure down well, when it is put in the barrel. Before doing this, make a small hole at the front



LIQUID MANURE.

part of the bottom of the barrel, for the liquid to run off through. Set the barrel on a board wide enough to give it a firm support, and cut a little channel in it from each side of the barrel to a point at the edge, for the manure-water to run in. This concentrates it, and makes it an easy matter to catch it in a pail slipped under the board upon which the barrel stands. Without these grooves or channels in the bottom-board the liquid is likely to run all over it, and a good deal may be lost. After pounding down the material with which the barrel is filled, apply water slowly for a time. This is to allow the application to soak through the entire mass of manure before leaching begins. As soon as it appears to be well wet through, apply more, and in a short time you will see a dark brown fluid escaping at the opening in the bottom of the barrel. Then put on water liberally. Liquid manure should be about the color of weak table tea, when applied to plants. Never use it when dark colored, as it is too strong, in that condition. Dilute it until you have it of the right color, then apply liberally to each plant that requires it. It will be readily assimilated by the plants, and they will soon take on a rich green color, and make vigorous growth. This is the kind of liquid manure to use on house plants if you want a strong and healthy growth, and large, fine flowers from them. But be careful in the use of it on pot-plants. Once a fortnight will be quite often enough to apply it to them, as a more frequent use might result in a forced and unhealthy development. On plants in the open ground it can be used more freely without any risk of injury.

A NOTE TO MY READERS.

It is the intention of the publisher to have this department practical and useful in all ways. It will deal with the matter of gardening, both out and indoors, in a way calculated to be helpful to the woman who can have but a small garden, or a few pot-plants. In order to make it of the greatest possible benefit to these women who love flowers quite as well as those who have a great deal of time to devote to their culture, the editor of the department will undertake to answer all questions they may ask, to the best of his ability. If there is anything you want to find out about flowers, tell me what it is, and perhaps I can furnish you with the desired information. Any way, I will do my best to do so, and as your questions will be answered through these columns they will be of interest to all "Comfort" readers. Address Eben E. Rexford, "Comfort" Questions, Shiocton, Wis.

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CHAPTER I.

On a summer morning in the early period of the Revolution, the family of Mr. Edward Elsworth, consisting of four persons, were assembled at the breakfast meal. Opposite, a little withdrawn from the table, sat Mr. Elsworth, with an open letter spread upon his knee.

Mr. Elsworth was a retired merchant, who, failing in London, had come to America with his family of two daughters and a sister.

The two daughters were Rose and Kate. Rose is my heroine. She was young and beautiful, wise and witty too, as I shall prove to you. Kate was a little, playful, mischievous, bewitching creature with dancing eyes and the merriest laugh in the world.

One member of the family was absent—Lieut. Harry Elsworth, the oldest child, a graduate of Oxford, and a promising young officer in the king's service.

Mr. Edward Elsworth was courtly, polished, punctilious, fastidious and a thorough royalist. His manners were elaborate, his costume careful and scrupulously exact. The society of his family supplied his social wants; and as his neighbors were nearly all confessedly uncultivated, he very rarely exchanged courtesies with them. Thus withdrawn from the noisy highways of the world, the Revolution broke upon him like a thunderclap. He could neither understand it, nor appreciate it. A sound churchman, and full of chivalrous loyalty, he looked upon the Revolution with uncompromising bitterness and hostility.

"Very extraordinary news!" said Mr. Elsworth, taking up the letter from his knee for the tenth time.

Everybody was on the alert, strange rumors were rife, and anything like authentic intelligence, in times of so much emotion and trouble, was eagerly welcomed.

"There has been a battle."

"Good gracious!" broke simultaneously from three pairs of lips.

"On Long Island,"

"Is it possible!" replied Miss Sarah Elsworth, this time having it all to herself.

Mr. Elsworth read—Washington had been defeated—had evacuated the city—was retiring northward.

"I feel," said he, "that our situation is becoming here unsafe. We are continually exposed to the assaults of marauders. It would be wiser in the present aspect of affairs, for us to seek a securer residence in New York, now so fortunately in possession of Sir William Howe."

Miss Elsworth hastened to sanction the proposal.

"I should prefer remaining here," said Rose. "Is it safe, Rose?" said Mr. Elsworth.

"Yes," was the reply; "quite safe, for we neutralize each other. Your loyalty will secure you with the Tories, and my whiggism will protect us with the other faction."

"Your whiggism, Rose! You shock me by your avowal of principles so infamous. And your brother, too, an officer of the king."

"The more need of my being a whig, or else the roof might be burned over our heads."

"I don't think there's much danger of that," broke in Kate, with a look of demure mischief; "if Mr. Armstrong is here to protect us."

"Mr. Armstrong!" said Mr. Elsworth, turning to Kate inquiringly.

"Oh, yes, papa," said Kate, refusing to be silenced by Rose's significant look; "he's got to be a captain."

"Not a rebel, I trust."

"Not a traitor, I thank Heaven!" said Rose with a flushed cheek.

"You confound terms strangely," remarked her father; "a traitor is one false to his king."

"False to his country—I read it. A king is a creature of today—your country a thing of immortality."

"Then, sir, serve the Stuarts. How came the house of Hanover upon the throne?"

Mr. Elsworth looked confused and was silent.

"You see, sir," said Rose, "that if your zealous loyalists could shift off James, we, with less belief in the divine rights of kings, can shift off George."

At this moment there was a knock at the door—presently a step in the hall, and then the entrance of a rather singular looking personage, who was immediately addressed by the whole group as Mr. Metcalf.

"Have you very late news of the war, Mr. Metcalf?" inquired Mr. Elsworth, after the visitor had accepted the seat offered him.

"News—plenty of it, and mad. The country is depopulated. There isn't a youth with the first hope of a beard upon his chin, who hasn't gone with young Armstrong to join the army."

"Young Armstrong?"

"To be sure, sir. He's turned out a fiery rebel after all—and a veritable captain to boot."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Metcalf? What does he mean, Rose?"

"Walter, father, has gone to join Washington—and he is a captain by virtue of some service rendered Congress."

"Heaven bless me!" said Mr. Elsworth, rising, and beginning to walk the floor in agitation. "This is very sad. A promising youth to be led astray! Dear me, dear me! Rose, I am very sorry to say that this is certainly your fault. You have filled him with your wild, radical, and absurd heroic rhapsodies. You have made him disloyal to his king. You have put a dagger in his hand to stab at the heart of his country. Alas! I see what the end will be—disgrace and death, ignominy and the gallows."

Rose made no reply to this, but walked to the window.

Walter Armstrong and his mother were the only neighbors with whom Mr. Elsworth's family had established any familiar acquaintance. Between Harry Elsworth and Walter Armstrong a close friendship had sprung up, which was the first means of introducing Walter into Mr. Elsworth's family. Intelligent and cultivated much above his neighbors, generous, frank, and abounding with genial and hearty humor, he soon became everybody's favorite, and very naturally between Rose and him, the idle little god, which plays such antics with us all, set mischief.

But the war came, and suddenly a gulf rolled between Walter and his friends. Walter's sympathies from the first were warmly enlisted in favor of the whigs, but he trembled at the thought that such an avowal would but too surely wreck all his hope of Rose Elsworth's love. He had not courage to make that avowal, and, therefore, cherished his principles in secret. His inactivity and apparent neutrality exposed him to the taunts of the villagers. High-souled and fiery, this was more than he could bear. He planned and executed a brilliant exploit, which gained him an audience with Washington, and an offer of whatever reward he would accept. He begged for a commission. It was granted. He flew back to his native place, and gathered together as speedily as possible a rough, uncouth, but true-hearted company of followers.

It was now necessary to reveal his principles to Rose. To his delight and astonishment, he discovered that she was at heart thoroughly whig, and had watched his period of inaction with pain. High-spirited and heroic, these were her words:

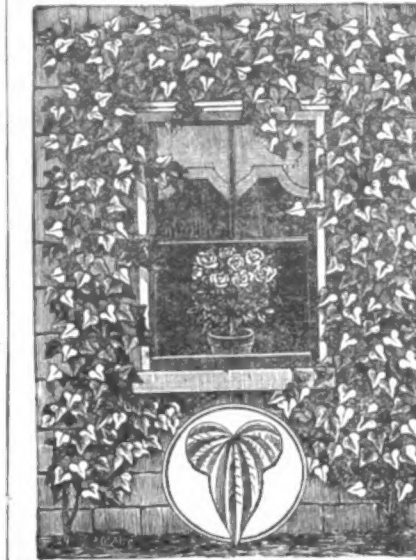
"I should be happier, Walter, with the consciousness of your duty done, even if the consequence were your untimely death, than to see you live covered with many years and no honors."

Mr. Elsworth was sincerely attached to Walter, and the news of what he considered his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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with sliding adjustable shelves (\$9.05 with 12 shelves as illustrated), made with long seasoned oak, solid solid oak front panels, a separate and distinct walls insulated with mineral wool, air tight doors, patent automatic iron trap, solid iron rack, removable waste pipe, zinc lined throughout, 40 inches high, 25 inches long, 14 inches deep, holds 40 lbs. ice, weighs 140 lbs., guaranteed to produce more cold air with less ice than any other make of refrigerator, perfect circulation and positive dry-refrigerator. **SEND \$1.00 DEPOSIT** if state if \$7.45 or \$9.05 refrigerator is wanted, we'll send it C. O. D. by freight, subject to examination, you to pay agent balance and transportation charges if found exactly as represented, otherwise we'll refund your \$1.00. Write **JOHN M. SMYTH CO., Chicago**, to-day for the Refrigerator or Catalog, illustrating and describing all styles and sizes of Refrigerators and Ice Chests from \$4.55 to \$45.00.

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Practical Electricity.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. EDWARD SWIFT.

No. 2.

THE last paper left off at a point where we found if a coil of wire was involved between the poles of a horse shoe magnet a current of electricity was developed. It is a known fact that every piece of iron possesses more or less magnetism, not perceptible, but latent. The construction of the dynamo is such that this latent magnetism is developed and strengthened. A piece of soft iron, either round, square or oblong in section is wound with many turns of insulated copper wire, in such a manner that were an electrical current sent along the wire, the iron would be strongly magnetized, north at one extremity and south at the other. To the ends of this magnet A in Fig. 1, are affixed two pieces of iron facing each other A A, Fig. 1, so shaped as to allow of boring out a hollow ring or cylinder shaped space. This is to allow a cylinder or cone of soft iron wound with insulated copper wire to revolve within it as shown at C, Fig. 1. Two or more ends are brought out at a line with the spindle on which it rotates and are fastened down to two or more curved sections of a brass cylinder placed round the circumference and insulated from the spindle. Two flat metallic springs connected to binding screws which form the tunnels of the machine E E, Fig. 1, serve to collect the electricity started by the rotation of the cylinder

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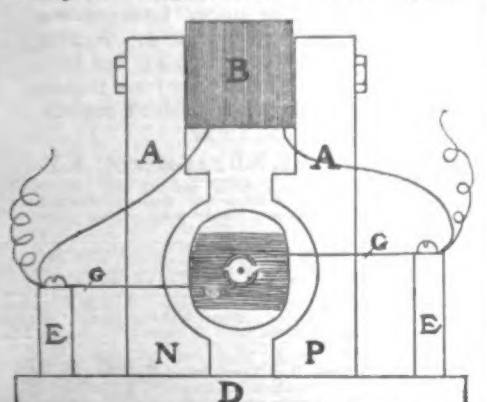


FIGURE 1.

C within the field magnets A A, Fig. 1. This cylinder is called the armature.

Revolving the armature between two poles of a magnet produces a current of electricity in the armature and the current passing through the wire to the segments or sections shown in the center of the cylinder C, passes through the branches and along the wire of the magnet B, making it powerfully magnetic. This in turn acts on the armature in motion until the limit of electrical production for each individual machine is reached. The current is then directed to the outside or working current to be used as required. High tension currents are used in carrying currents a long distance over small wires, while low tension currents are used for short distances. The usual current for isolated plants, for factories, ships, etc., is about 110 volts, if a larger plant 220 volts is used.

Another source of electricity is the battery. It is not possible to produce so powerful a current with batteries as with a dynamo unless we assemble a very large number. This would be impracticable owing to the space and care required to keep them in proper condition for work. The whole theory of the battery is distinction. If we immerse a strip of ordinary commercial zinc in dilute acid (say sulphuric acid, 1 part by measure, water 16 parts by measure) we shall find that the zinc is at once acted upon by the acid being rapidly corroded and dissolved, while at the same time a quantity of bubbles of gas are seen to collect around, and finally to be evolved at the surface of the fluid in contact with the plate. This action is accompanied by a development of heat and electricity. If now we insert another strip of carbon no change is apparent unless we allow the upper or lower ends of the two pieces to touch. Then we notice that the bubbles cease rising from the zinc but are found on the copper or carbon. This is the form of a simple battery, and is represented in common use by the crowfoot battery. This is composed of three parts, the cell or jar of glass about 8 inches deep and 5 inches across A in Fig. 3, the zinc A in initial and the copper B in initial. The shape of these two elements shows the origin

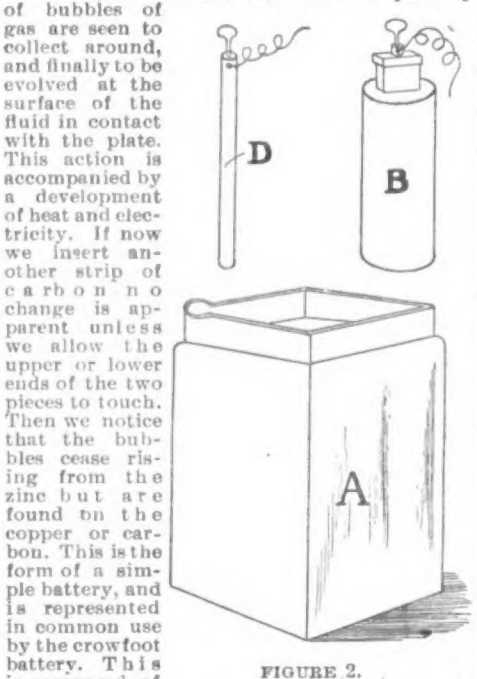


FIGURE 2.

of the name crow-foot. The copper is placed in the bottom of the case and nearly covered with blue vitriol, then the zinc is hung on the edge of the glass by its hook and the jar filled with water. The wire connected with the copper at the bottom and the wire attached to the zinc are united and at once a current of electricity is developed. After a time the action of the acid reaches its maximum strength and the battery, if connected into a circuit properly arranged, is ready for work.

This is a single fluid battery. Another single fluid battery commonly used for house work because of its simplicity is the Leclanché cell. This consists of the Jar A, the porous cup B and the zinc rod C, all shown in Fig. 3. Both the zinc and the porous cup in which is the carbon plate and crumbled carbon and Manganese are sealed in the cup with pitch or cement, are put in the jar or cell, and a solution of ammonium chloride or sal ammoniac is poured in. Chemical action only takes place in this battery when the circuit is closed; that is, when the wires connected with the zinc and carbon are connected. This battery is very useful for what is called open circuit work, or when the circuit is only used occasionally. If the circuit is closed or short circuited for any length of time this battery loses its strength and will need to be recharged.

Still another battery is used for toy work, medical batteries and any work requiring a sharp, strong current for a short time. This is composed of the cell A, Fig. 3, the porous cup B, Fig. 3, and the carbon and zinc, C and D. Place the porous cup in the jar with the zinc cylinder on the outside and the carbon plate on the inside. On the outside, or surrounding the zinc, put a solution of one part sulphuric acid and ten parts water. Be careful in making the mixture to pour the acid into the water slowly in a small stream to prevent disturbance by chemical action. In the porous cup strong nitric acid or a solution of bichromate of potash can be put and the battery is complete. This battery must not be used but a short time without rest and the time must always be withdrawn after using to prevent further chemical action. A very simple battery can be made by using a common fruit jar and a strip of zinc with a strip of copper or two or three electric light carbons bound together, taking care

when inserting them in the jar that they do not remain in contact. For a solution use salt and water as strong as can be made. This produces a very weak current but several cells will answer for bell ringing if nothing better can be had. An electric current can be generated by putting in the ground a number of feet apart a large sheet of zinc for one pole and a large sheet of copper for the other. When the wires are connected the current will deflect the needle of an ordinary pocket compass. There are many forms of battery but all are built on the same general principle. Certain combinations of chemicals in connection with the zinc and carbon commonly used, will make a stronger and more efficient battery than this. These are sold under various names, but when it comes to steady persistent work nothing will stand up to the old crowfoot single solution battery so extensively used in telegraph work. This for motors is especially good, the only care required is to use them enough so they will not get foul, and allow the solution to crystallize.

Knowledge is Wealth.

The following questions are propounded to COMFORT readers, and they can if they will, make a pretty penny by answering them. To any one answering them all \$1.00 will be paid; 75 cents to those answering the next largest number and 50 cents to the third. Each competitor must secure a new trial six months' subscription and must enclose ten cents for this new six months' subscription to COMFORT. A list of correct answers will be published next month. All answers must be in before the 25th of the month.

- 1.—What is the oldest church in the United States?
- 2.—How many words are there in the Old Testament?
- 3.—Who were the Seven Champions of Christendom?
- 4.—What does the word "Demijohn" come from?
- 5.—When was Cuba discovered, and by whom?
- 6.—How did the dollar mark (\$) originate?
- 7.—Who first called the U. S. Flag the "Star Spangled Banner," and when?
- 8.—Who was the "Citizen King"?
- 9.—What is the derivation of the word "Honey Moon"?
- 10.—What Secretaries of State afterwards became Presidents of the U. S.?

Remember to enclose ten cents for each six months' subscription with your replies to insure consideration. Write name and address on same slip containing your answers. Address, Questions, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

IN cremation the greater part of the body goes into the gaseous form, the chief products being water, carbonic acid gas and ammonia. The solid ash that remains consists mainly of charcoal, lime and phosphate of lime. The charcoal is that part of the carbon of the body which has not been expelled in combination with oxygen as carbonic acid.

A Girl's Wit.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

fection, was a severe blow to him. In his judgment it was the greatest misfortune that could befall him.

In his daughter's, it was the greatest glory. Miss Elsworth, perceiving Rose's unpleasant position by this discussion, attempted to direct the conversation into another channel.

"Mr. Metcalf," said she, "how are your little charges?"

The gentleman was the village teacher.

"Caught the spirit of rebellion, marm, and as untractable as bulls. Bless you, there isn't a lad over fourteen who hasn't abandoned his horn-book and gone off with Armstrong. And as for the girls they are greater rebels than the boys. What do you think, marm? The other day they came marching in procession, and demanded to know on what side I was. I said 'God save the King,' whereupon they all fell upon me like a swarm of bees, armed with a thousand pins, and so pinched and pricked and pulled me so there wasn't a square inch of my skin that wasn't as full of holes as a ten-year-old pin-cushion. And I do believe they never would have stopped if I hadn't cried, 'Huzza for Washington!'"

Mr. Elsworth smiled in spite of himself, and the joyous Kate burst into loud laughter.

"I hope, sir," said Elsworth; "that you will not be compelled to follow the example of your scholars, and turn soldier."

"Never a bit, sir!" Mr. Metcalf was an Irishman, with only an occasional touch of the brogue. "I content myself with teaching the young idea how to shoot, without indulging in such dangerous practices myself."

Rose managed to escape from the room. She saw very well that storm and contention were to shatter the peace of the household—that between her father and herself were to arise difference, opposition, and perhaps, estrangement. She had sworn to love Walter Armstrong. Her heart would keep that oath to any sacrifice, and to any extremity.

Profoundly absorbed, she was suddenly startled by a voice at her elbow. It was Mr. Metcalf.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elsworth," said he, "but I have a secret word for you."

"For me? Sir?"

From young Armstrong, marm," and he placed in her hand a folded bit of paper. Rose opened it and read:

"Dear Rose: I shall be near you soon on a secret mission. Can we meet? I shall watch for you near the old walk—the one where we last met and parted! But do not be surprised if I take you unawares in some other place—even at midnight. Mr. Metcalf is my friend. You may trust him."

"WALTER."

"I am glad of this, Mr. Metcalf," said Rose. I shall like you all the better for being Mr. Armstrong's friend."

"Oh, thank you, marm."

"I shall know where to find you when I have any message to send."

"At the sign of the birch, marm. Whenever you hear a score of throats shrieking all together at the top of the scale you will know at once that that's the Babel where I reside," and he backed himself off the piazza upon the lawn.

He had been gone only a few minutes, when Kate came running up, exclaiming:

"Papa would like to see you, Rose, in the library."

"Is he there now?"

"I saw him enter."

CHAPTER II.

Rose found her father in the library, awaiting her approach. She went over to him, and seated herself on a low stool.

"You sent for me, sir. I think I know what you are going to say."

"In that case, Rose, I hope that you have come here prepared to yield obedience."

"Impose no commands on me, sir, I beseech you. You yourself must admit that my obedience to you has always been rendered cheerfully and to the letter. I could wish that it should always be so. But there is one matter on which I cannot prove false to my judgment, my heart, or to that consciousness of duty within me."

"Rose, answer me plainly, are you betrothed to Walter Armstrong?"

"I am."

"And now with the stain of dishonor and crime that he has brought upon himself—"

"Father, let me interrupt you. The terms you are bestowing upon Walter Armstrong are those which he does not deserve, and such as I am not willing to hear. You must have observed, sir, the attachment that was growing up between us. You sanctioned it. You made Walter your friend, and you admitted him to your family circle because you saw that he was good, noble and true. You even looked forward with pleasure to the consummation of our union. Is it right, therefore, sir, because Walter, as by every instinct and sense of honor he was compelled to do, has come forth a champion of his country in this great struggle; is it right, I say, to turn from him, and so freely brand him with dishonor?"

"It is dishonorable, Rose, to be a rebel—it is a mighty crime. Wrongs against individuals are circumscribed in their effects, but wrongs against your country becomes an evil that extends its bane through centuries."

"I can understand, father, why you feel as you do. It is the most natural thing in the world for you to espouse the cause of your king. Your education, your long-treasured prejudices, your sympathies—all point that way. And so with Harry, educated in England, and nurtured into a chivalrous devotion to the king, every impulse of his heart prompts him to draw his sword on the royal side. But not so with Walter. As it is natural for you and Harry to sympathize with the king, so it is natural for Walter to follow these great spirits who are guiding their countrymen in their resistance against oppression. I wish, father, that you could look upon Walter's conduct in this light."

"This is waste of words," said Mr. Elsworth. "I did not send for you for an argument, Rose. I cannot let my daughter marry a rebel."

"If I were a mere child, father, you would be justified in exercising your authority. But I am a woman old enough to know my own heart—old enough not to be misled by mere fancy. I love Walter Armstrong, father. I have given a woman's promise to marry him—a woman's promise which is free."

"Girl, I will not listen to you," replied Mr. Elsworth, rising quite excited. "I sent for you to express my disapprobation of your connection with Walter. My commands upon the matter are explicit. I forbid you to marry him."

"Father!"

"Understand me, girl! I decline to continue the argument. My meaning is clear enough. Moreover," resumed he, "we shall leave this place and return to town. Here we are exposed to the marauding and brigandage attacks of your apostles of liberty. When the people come back to their senses we can return."

He turned upon his heel, and abruptly left the room.

Rose flung herself into a chair, and leaned her face upon her hand. She was not surprised at the result of the interview. It was what she had expected and dreaded, but now that it had come, she experienced how inexpressibly bitter it was.

Rose's heart rebelled against the injustice of her father's decision with more bitterness and feeling, because the love between Walter and herself had been fostered by him—encouraged and smiled upon by him. He had fanned the flame, and now capriciously sought to extinguish it. But it blazed up beyond the power of his breath. It lived a thing of power and pride, of strength and courage, and could not be controlled.

Some hours later in the day, as she was seated alone in one of the lower rooms, a cloaked figure approached the window, and leaped into the room. It was Walter Armstrong, who, tearing off his cloak, ran up to Rose with extended hands.

"Why, Walter," exclaimed Rose, as she received a warm salutation upon the cheek from Walter's lips, "I'm so very glad to see you. How you look. Brown as a nut, and so like a soldier!"

"With a soldier's appetite, Rose. I've neither ate nor drunk since midnight."

"Wait," said Rose, "I'll bring you refreshments myself. Ah, Walter, now you are my hero! I must have all your adventures. But I'll be back directly."

Rose soon returned with sandwiches and wine, and Walter fell to consuming them with a vast relish, while Rose drew up to his side.

"Now, Walter," said Rose, when his appetite began to wane, "I must have a history of your doings; and you recollect you promised me, when next we met, to tell me all about that marvelous and secret adventure of yours, which tumbled you into a captivity so suddenly. Shall I have it now?"

"If you wish it, certainly. You know, Rose, how at first I concealed my whiggish principles from you, fearing the consequences of an avowal, but you do not know how in secret I fretted and raved at the weakness which kept me at your side. While in this state of mind an unexpected opportunity was afforded me of doing our cause a decided service. I seized upon it at once, determined to make amends for my past inactivity by a brilliant exploit, and if the loss of your hand was the consequence, to find what compensation I could for such a calamity in the fame attending the adventure. In brief, I resolved at once to come out boldly a rebel—and to signalize my advent by a bold and brilliant stroke. An English officer, high in rank, was encamped with his troop at a certain locality. The officer's headquarters were in a farmhouse, and his troop were in possession of the outhouses, and bivouacked in the meadows and fields. This officer I happened to know was peculiarly obnoxious to Washington. One day I proposed a plan to three or four whom I could trust, for my capture. My plan was acceded to, and we prepared to put it in execution. Choosing a dark night, we managed to get by the sentinels by crawling upon our stomachs through the tall grass of a meadow. This was very laborious and difficult. We then had to creep cautiously along a stone wall, and watch a chance to dart rapidly across a space of about a hundred yards to the deep shadow of a huge tree that stood directly by the house porch. There was a sentinel stationed at this point, whose walk extended about fifty feet to and fro. It was when his back was towards us that we took the opportunity, one by one, of darting to the tree, where we huddled behind the trunk. At last, at a preconcerted signal, we sprang upon him, gagged him before he could cry out, and bound him hand and foot. Entrance to the house was easily gained—we went into the room of the sleeping officer, dragged him from his bed, compelled him to silence by the threatening look of our weapons, bore him off, made a rush between the sentinels, and notwithstanding their discharged their weapons at us, we mounted our steeds and scampered off before pursuit could be made. There's my story, Rose, in the rough. I must confess that I have a fondness for such hair-brained adventures, and—a secret in your ear, Rose—am bound on one now."

Scarcely had the captain ceased speaking, when Kate came hurrying into the room, out of breath, and incoherently exclaiming that a party of soldiers were approaching.

"Red or blue?" cried Walter.

"Bless me, Mr. Armstrong! You here? Why, I didn't see you. You'd better look out, sir, for they are red coats, and there's a big number of them too."

"I must vanish," said he, running to the window, and then instantly retreating. "Why, we're surrounded. To the north of the house, quick, Rose. That's near the wood. Perhaps I can reach it. My fellows are waiting for me a mile below."

They all hastened in the direction indicated, but to their dismay they were just in time to see a company of horse come sweeping around between them and the forest.

"What will you do?" said Rose.

"If you've a rat-hole in which you can crowd me, after dark, probably, I can steal away."

"Up stairs, then, quick," exclaimed Rose. Up stairs they flew, and upon reaching the steep-peaked garret, crowded with broken furniture, and the usual accumulations of a household, Rose said:

"They will not suspect a concealed whig in my father's house, so here I think you will be safe."

"I wonder who they are—what command," said Walter. "Can we get a peep at them any how?"

"Yes, down upon your knees, and you can reach those little lights."

Walter crawled to the little foot-high lights that were set in front beneath the cornice of the building, and by this means could survey the lawn and road beneath. He withdrew after a moment's close scrutiny.

"Major Cleveland," said he.

"Cleveland," exclaimed Rose. "I know him. We met at a ball."

"The man of men," replied Walter, "who itches to get hold of my insignificant person."

"Lie close here," said Rose, "and I do not think there will be any danger. I must descend or my father will be searching for me. Come Kate, and they went out quietly and cautiously for fear of being overheard and seen. As they were descending the stairs they met a ser-

vant sent by their father in search of them, and with a summons for them to appear in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER III.

With head uncovered Mr. Elsworth stood upon the wide piazza before his house, receiving Major Cleveland and officers. The command was a company of dragoons, who were drawn up on three sides of the house.

"My dear Major Cleveland," said Mr. Elsworth, "let me welcome you zealously to this abode."

"A great many thanks, my dear Elsworth," replied the Major, as he mounted the steps of the piazza.

"I am delighted," resumed he, "to meet so true-hearted a loyalist. We pushed our march, sir, in order to partake of your hospitality."

"Will you enter the house, sir? The other gentlemen, I presume, will soon join you."

Major Cleveland assented, and Mr. Elsworth led the way to the drawing-room.

Rose was already in the room when they entered. She rose as the gentlemen entered, and Major Cleveland, whose gallantry to ladies was notorious, with many bows and more airs, saluted her.

"It gives me infinite pleasure, Miss Elsworth, to meet you once again, for the recollection of the occasions we have met previously, are bright spots in my memory. Permit me also, my dear madam, to express how delighted I am to find that time, who deals so inexorably with us, has been won to favor you."

"Oh, sir, I thank you," replied Rose.

"And how comes on the loyal cause," inquired Mr. Elsworth; "will it be long ere these rebels are taught their duty to their king?"

"Have no apprehensions, my dear Elsworth," replied the major; "another campaign will scatter them to the mountains, and a live rebel be so great a curiosity, that to cage one and exhibit him would make a showman's fortune."

"If he knew there was a caged one here now," thought Rose, "how the major would stare."

"But where are your companions? I must see why they have not followed you," said Mr. Elsworth.

"They are delayed for a moment with the troop. They will be with you presently. By the bye, Miss Elsworth, I believe that there are a couple of gentlemen without, who are old admirers of yours—Captain Arbald and Lieutenant Marvin."

"Old, Major! you flatter my taste."

"Why, with beauty I thought the conquest of the morning stale matter by night."

"Oh, sir, if staleness go to make their age, they should be proverbial instead of Methuselah."

"They were fascinated with you. My word for it, they would die for you."

"So they once told me, but I courted, and replied that I should prefer a live rebel to even two dead loyalists."

"They are noble gentlemen, Miss Elsworth. You must bear with me if I defend them. They are good soldiers, and fine noble-looking fellows."

"For which I thank their tailor."

"And decidedly witty," continued the major.

"Then they've been studying the almanac," cried Rose, who was giving the free rein to her humor; "when I saw them last they hadn't a grain, not even by scratching."

"Really, Mr. Elsworth," replied the major, who appeared heartily to enjoy Rose's thrusts, "your daughter has been schooling herself for a sharp tongue."

"That is her pride, sir. Her passes are but play."

"I'll be sworn her heart is as true as her wit. She is—"

"Rebel, sir, from top to toe!" broke in Rose, with almost vehement emphasis.

Major Cleveland stared, and Mr. Elsworth fidgetted nervously, but at this moment the door opened, and several officers were ushered in. Presentations and introductions followed, and Captain Arbald and Lieutenant Marvin came up to pay their respects to Rose.

"Gentleman," said she, "my best welcome. My father is proud to receive you."

"You do not know, gentleman," said the major, coming up, "what pleasant things Miss Elsworth has been saying about you. They would have quite delighted you, I'm sure."

They bowed, tried to say something peculiarly elegant—and failed.

"Gentlemen," said Major Cleveland (holding a glass of wine in his hand), "I hope you will all fill and honor the toast I am going to propose."

The gentlemen filled. The ladies stood up.

"The ladies! Speedy priests and rings!" said the major, with a gallant bow.

"A doubtful compliment, Major Cleveland," said Rose, when the toast was drunk.

"Can you think so, Miss Elsworth? Marriage would be a paradise for at least one happy man."

"Ah, sir, marriages, though called matches, are mostly but sad patchwork."

"I rejoice to hear you say so. Unmarried you are a star which all the world can worship."

"An old maid, sir! Of many evils that would be the worst. Old maids and old bachelors are only the odds and ends of humanity."

"The happiest wit, madame, I ever heard," exclaimed the major, evidently quite fascinated, going over to her side, and speaking in a low tone.

Excited by the danger of her lover, Rose was giving way to a feverish and unrestrained mirth—to a temperament like hers, the natural consequence of an attempt to conceal the inward fear and apprehension she was experiencing.

"Really, Mr. Elsworth," said the major, "with your permission, I am urged to impose on your hospitality longer than I first intended. There are charms here difficult to withdraw from. Have I your permission to postpone our further march until tomorrow?"

Rose started, and for an instant evinced some little apprehension.

"I shall only be too proud, sir," said Mr. Elsworth, "to entertain the king's officers as long as they will consent to make use of my roof."

"And what, sir," said the major, seized with a sudden idea, if I should go further, and propose an extemporized ball. I do not forget that I first met your daughter at such an entertainment. These gentlemen have so long encountered bullets and muskets, they are eager for an engagement with bright smiles and flashing eyes."

"A ball!" cried Rose, in utter dismay; "why, sir, you'd have to pit coat against coat. Where are your ladies?"

"Oh, we'll drum them up. There are a dozen families within as many miles, and these gentlemen would ride a steeple chase with a dance as the goal. Trust me, they'll hunt out

enough."

"A mad idea," said Rose.

"A wild one, I confess," returned the major, "but who would not pluck what flowers he could in the midst of many harsh and stern duties."

"And moreover," said Mr. Elsworth, "it would be a suitable festivity in honor of our recent Long Island victory. I only hesitate, sir, because of the incompleteness of our preparations."

"We only ask a dance, sir, nothing else."

"I will order the horses to my carriage immediately," said Mr. Elsworth, "to dispatch in whatever direction you may decide."

"Then, gentlemen, to horse! Ho, for merri-ment! Hunt up the petticoats. You, Arbald and Marvin, are keen of scent—away with you!"

In an instant all was spirited preparation and activity. Miss Elsworth descended to the kitchen, and directly servants began running in every direction, with dusters, glasses, china, orders, counter-orders, and so forth; vast culinary machinery straightway became in operation; and the thousand and one things began to be done and undone, which house-keepers always find so necessary upon these occasions.

Rose flew to her own room, and locked herself in. What would become of Walter, and what ought to be done for Walter? In vain did she seek for a plan by which he might escape undetected from the house. Everything which suggested itself seemed too hazardous. At last, after entertaining and rejecting a dozen different schemes, she went out, and stole secretly up stairs to Walter's hiding-place.

She entered, and to her dismay found that he was not there. He had escaped, but how—and was he yet beyond danger? She hurried down again to her room and to the windows. Nothing was in sight. With an excitement of manner she vainly endeavored to control, she hurried to the lower floor, and upon entering the dining-room, to her astonishment found him there.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Rose, "back to your hiding-place!"

"No, Rose, I shall not go."

"Why—what—not go back—"

"Hear me, Rose. After you concealed and left me, a few moments' reflection convinced me that I was doing a great wrong to your father in permitting myself to be concealed upon his premises. I am a proscribed man. I am what is called a spy. My concealment here compromises your father. If I were discovered, the consequences to him would be severe. I cannot consent to expose him to those consequences. I would rather openly deliver myself into Major Cleveland's hands."

"Foolish man! You are ruining all. Walter, for my sake go back again. This is a ridiculous and false sense of honor."

"No, Rose, I am resolved."

"Walter, I implore you. 'Tis death to remain here—"

Rose was standing with her back to the door, which in her confusion and surprise she had left wide open. Walter's face was turned towards it. In the midst of her impetuous remonstrance, Rose saw her lover give a sudden start at something over her shoulder. She turned quickly—

Major Cleveland was standing in the doorway looking at them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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and his face softened. At last he said, "I was intendin' to git ye out of sight of land and eat ye and I hain't sayin' but what I may yet. It depends. But I'll tell ye right now Seth I feel some pity for ye after all. We're both in the same kind of trouble—it's all been brought on us by wimmin'."

The skipper sighed. "I don't never want to see any woman again," he declared. "I guess you and me better sail off some place where wimmen haint round messin' into things. It's the only way to be happy in this world." Seth's homesick fancy ran back to the Sims girl but he ventured nothing by way of remark.

For two days the skipper filled in all the spare time talking about the ingratitude and the faithlessness of women. Then he fell into the subject of the human heart needing sympathy. From this subject he worked around to the Newport widow and fell to wondering audibly how she had been taking his long absence.

"Perhaps that poor woman has been mournin' for me," he lamented. "I feel that she has been expecting me. It was a mis'able lie ye told me—that about she had been married"—and a flash of color came into the skipper's fishy eye. "Ev'ry time I think of how ye lied to me I want to brain ye." He choked back his rage and went on in surmises as to how the widow had been standing his absence and his silence. All the time he kept straight course for Block Island and the broad mouth of the Sound. Seth noted this but said no word. He was crushed. It was no surprise to the "crew" when the skipper put the head of the old schooner up Newport harbor and at sunset one evening Seth knocked the pin from the anchor head without protest. The *Susan* swung about near the moorings where she lay on that memorable evening weeks before.

It was a careful toilet that the skipper made, exhausting his scanty wardrobe and shaving himself so closely that his face shone like a glass bottle. Seth sat forward with head bowed. Nothing in the world contained interest for him now.

As the skipper was about to cast off the painter of the yawl he called to Seth. "I'm goin' ashore on special and private bus'ness and I leave you in charge of the schooner. I'd take you along with me and give you a few hours on shore but I'm afraid ye might see some more scare-crows and shatter your nerves." With a sarcastic chuckle the captain of the *Susan* clambered down into the yawl and rowed away.

"I reckon I'll tend to my own errands in this line from this time out," he mused.

There was no longer any especial need for Cap'n Skote Gregg to practice stealth in approaching the abode of the widow. Even if his cousin's wife did see him there was no word she could send back to Hobb's Harbor that could add to his troubles. July Ann was just as mad as she ever could be. Nevertheless when he came up the dark street he reconnoitered carefully. It might be that the widow was married, after all. Cap'n Skote didn't see how a treasure of her sort could remain long unattached. The night was moonless and the street lights were distant. He crept through the gate and stood a little while in the garden between his cousin's house and the widow's. She was at home! He saw a shadow moving on the curtain. All at once her door opened and shut and the next moment a woman's form

advanced toward him, approaching his cousin's piazza. It must be the widow going across to make a call! Nerving himself he stepped out and bowed to her. The woman let out a frightened squawk and started to run. But he caught her by the arm.

"Mis' Belle," he stammered in half whispers. "It's me—it's Cap'n Skote Gregg of Hobb's Harbor, Maine, and I'm come here to see ye about important matters. I want—"

The woman pushed back the bit of shawl that drooped over her brows and disclosed the face of Sophy Maxwell.

The skipper gasped, reeled, released her arm and then grasped it again. "Wuh—wuh—where did you come from?" he stammered.

"July Ann made me come up here with her," she said faintly. "She's huntin' for ye to take the schooner and she reckoned she would ketch ye here. Oh, Skote, I'm awful sorry about it all, but it hain't none of my doin's, I want ye to understand that. I don't want any man that don't want me. And I do hope you and July Ann will make it all up. I'll do all I can to arrange it."

The skipper dug a broad toe into the sod. "I hain't done right by ye, Sophy," he mumbled, "and I'm sorry things have turned out as they have. But ye kept me waitin' so long and—"

"I know I hain't so good-lookin' as some people," she said, "but I'm always goin' to be a good friend to ye, Skote, come what may. I don't blame ye a mite fer not waitin'. I'll help ye jest all I know how. There sha'n't be a bit of hard feelin' between us if I can help it!"

He reached out and took her hand. "I allus knowed ye was the best woman that ever lived," he said. "Ye're better off without such a fool as I am."

Even while he held her hand there was a light step on the sward and the widow was upon them. Skote was about to pull his hand away but Belle clasped both the hands and held them pressed together.

"You belong that way," she said. "You are meant for each other. Cap'n Gregg, forget your foolishness. Here is the woman who should be your wife. I know you never seriously thought of me—simple, foolish, vain me. We should be miserable together. Why, I couldn't think of living in the country. Now you must be married. Wait, I have a plan."

There was a long whispered conference there under the trees. At the end Cap'n Gregg said: "Sophy, I never realized what a fool I was until now. If ye can forgive me I—"

She put her hand in his and kissed him on the cheek. "We'll never speak of it again," she said. "I always knew your heart was right."

An hour later Seth, lounging sleepily by the rail of the *Susan*, heard the dip of oars. The schooner's yawl appeared under the stern. "Throw over the ladder," commanded the well-known voice of the skipper.

When Seth saw the spread of petticoats on the stern seat of the boat, he gasped, "Cap. Gregg has eloped with the widow!" But it was the smiling face of Sophy that met his eyes when she clambered up. Behind her appeared the radiant visage of the skipper.

"Seth," he said, "let me make ye acquainted with Mis' Skote Gregg. We was married an hour ago before Mis' Belle Foster of Newport as witness and bridesmaid. No cards, no cake, and nobody's blame bus'ness."

And when July Ann arrived home four days

later Mr. and Mrs. Skote Gregg were nicely settled to housekeeping.

THE END.

One Memorial Day Offering.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

School was over for the day and with a sigh of relief the Ferndale scholars fled out and quickly forming into merry groups started homeward. One shabbily dressed little fellow however, hurried off by himself as though anxious to avoid his mates. "That queer Smith" was the way they usually spoke of him. He was extremely shy and sensitive, so after a few vain attempts to make friends, they simply let him alone. In his loneliness, he imagined they despised him for his poverty, and a feeling of bitterness towards them had arisen in his heart.

Tonight he felt unusually sad. Every Decoration Day since he could remember, his mother had gone with him to the cemetery and together they had placed flowers on his father's grave.

But now there were two mounds on the hillside, no mother to comfort him, no home but that of charity, and not a friend in the world he said bitterly to himself.

Tomorrow the little cemetery would blossom like a garden. Everybody would carry flowers for the graves of their loved ones, and he alone had no offering.

With the hope of finding some wild flowers, he started across the fields toward Fisher's woods, but for some reason (perhaps the tears in his eyes prevented him from seeing them), when he turned towards home an hour later, he had only a few straggling blossoms which were fast wilting in his hot eager grasp.

In front of Turner's store stood a half dozen of the school boys, and as he was hurrying by, one thoughtless fellow stepped out in front of him. "Hullo Joe, where have you been? After a button hole 'bokay sure as I'm alive. Come now divide with a fellow can't you?"

"Boys help yourselves," and before Joe could hinder, the few precious flowers were snatched from his hand and laughingly tossed among the group. Poor Joe! His face grew pale as he stood quite still for a minute, then bursting into tears he darted around the corner.

"That was a shame Bob to tease him so," said Fred Evans, "but what a baby he is and all over a few miserable weeds," he added in a disgusted tone, "what did he want of them anyway?"

"I bet I know what the matter is," chimed in Henry Clark, "he's been after those flowers for tomorrow. His mother died this year you know and he thought the world of her."

They looked at each other in silence for a minute. Thoughtless, but good-hearted boys every one of them.

"Well, boys," said Bob Harris at last, "that was a mean thing to do. I don't know how you feel but I would like to make it up to him some way."

"Couldn't we go and get some more and leave them in the cemetery ourselves?" suggested one, "when he sees them he'll know who did it and what we did it for."

"No," said another "wild flowers are mighty scarce this year, and it's too late anyway to go after them. While we are about it why not do something handsome. We haven't one of us treated the little chap decent since he came into the school. Now listen to me. Here's a dollar I was saving towards a microscope. I'll give that, you add all your spare cash, and let's send up to the city and get a regular stunner of a bouquet."

"I agree," said Bob "for I was the most to blame. Here is fifty cents for my share all I'm worth at present."

"I promise you thirty cents."

"And I a quarter."

"You may have the contents of my pocket."

So the heads went together, some of the older ones consulted, and the result was that when Mr. Harris came up from the neighboring city the next morning he was met by a delegation of boys who took possession of a certain large box he brought with him.

Brightly that Decoration Day had dawned, and when Joe awoke the sun was smiling in at his window. But his face did not reflect the sunshine around him. His heart was full of bitterness towards the boys, and the thought of the bare mounds without even the little offering of love which he had hoped to place there seemed more than he could bear.

"Mother knows I love her just the same," he said over and over to himself and was somewhat comforted by the thought. Yet it was with a sad face and slow steps (early in the afternoon), that he made his way to the resting place of his loved ones. As he drew near he stopped short in astonishment. Flowers, choice greenhouse flowers, large fragrant roses, and lovely pinks, entwined with smilax in the form of an anchor and a cross rested on his father's and mother's graves. He had never seen anything so beautiful. Some one had made a mistake. Surely they were intended for Squire Jones' lot, the rich man of the village. Drawing still nearer he noticed a card half hidden by the fragrant blossoms, and stooping down read,—"For Joe from the Ferndale boys."

He stood amazed for a minute and then as the meaning flashed into his mind, he threw himself on the ground beside them and cried as though his heart would break. Cried until the lump had gone from his throat, and the bitterness in his heart had given place to tenderness and gratitude at the kindly thought of the boys.

It seemed as though he would never weary of gazing at them. He inhaled their perfume, touching them almost reverently again and again, and when he finally turned away there was a new happiness in his face, while the precious card hidden safely in his pocket, seemed to warm his heart and take from it its loneliness.

From that day he felt no more desolate and alone. Nothing could so conquer his shyness and open his heart toward his mates as this kindness, and as one good deed leads to another, so this act prompted the boys to further endeavors to show themselves friendly.

And even more fragrant and sweet than the flowers, was the lasting friendship that sprang up between Joe Smith and the boys of Ferndale school.

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Possibly after all the Man in the Moon may not be lonesome when he says, "Here's looking at you" every month. The latest investigations of science declare that contrary to previously expressed ideas the moon has snow, air and vegetation. Given these conditions life may exist there and the broad smile that the man in the moon gives us may be the collected geniality of all the inhabitants instead of a solitary smirk.

On May the seventeenth our special ambassador to Spain will congratulate young King Alphonso on his coming of age. The Boy King is seventeen on that day and for the first time assumes nominal control of his kingdom. On May the twentieth the United States formally withdraws from Cuba. The King assumes authority that is lessened of some of its most troublesome responsibility by the loss of Cuba and the Philippines. Our minister may really congratulate Alphonso for the kindness that America has shown in ridding him of a part of his troubles.

The successful struggle against adverse conditions always awakens interest. The life of Booker Washington is necessarily of interest to all Americans as he is endeavoring to solve race problems that concern every one in America as the conditions exist here. For that reason his book "Up from Slavery" has been read by every thinking American. It is, however, more than a study of social economy, it is the record of a human soul and on that side it appeals to all humanity. This is proven by the fact that the book has been translated into French, German, Flemish and Spanish.

May with all its bloom and promise always brings a touch of sadness with every recurrence of Decoration Day. With each passing year the parade of veterans grows pathetically smaller until it is really the living heroes rather than the dead ones that touch our hearts most strongly. The old veterans have lived to see the nation for whose unity they fought grow in power and influence as a result of their struggle for its national life. As they drop their flowers on the graves that lie all too thickly, Lincoln's words must sound in their ears, "These dead shall not have died in vain," for a new nation has arisen from the graves of those dead soldiers.

TO OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS. If this notice and coupon is printed in RED it will inform you that your subscription has expired and that your paper will be stopped with this issue unless you at once send either 25c. to pay for "COMFORT" until October, 1903, or 10c. to extend your subscription six months.

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Extend Your Subscription and Get Magazine Supplement.

Owing to extensive additional improvements in "COMFORT" much beyond those first contemplated, we may be obliged soon to announce an advance in the subscription price from 25c. to 50c. a year, of which we give timely notice to our valued old subscribers. To all subscribers old or new we make the following offer at this time. Fill out, sign and send in the special coupon subscription blank below with ten cents to pay for six months' trial subscription; and we will put you on our list as paid six months in advance, the subscription to

FLOSSIE FIELD'S FORTUNES

The Story of a Poor Girl

By Lucy Randall COMFORT

A "COMFORT" story for our "COMFORT" readers by Mrs. Comfort. This author is very well known as a writer of charming girls' love stories, and Flossie Field, the heroine, is the brilliant authoress' latest and best attempt. "I consider this one of my best stories," she writes, "and I am sure the 'COMFORT' readers will know, love and sympathize with my poor little heroine as much as I do."

This thrilling story will begin in June "COMFORT." Don't fail to renew or extend your subscription now and follow this story through all of its interesting situations.

A STORY FOR YOUTH AND AGE.

THROUGH THE SNOW; Or, A Trip Across Moosehead Lake.

BY J. O. KALER, [James Otis.]

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Traveling with a Circus," etc.

A great story for the boys and girls of whom we are very fond. We take great pleasure in offering this story, which we are sure they will consider a regular feast of good things, and it will be as popular as "Adrift in New York; or Tom and Florence Braving the World," by Horatio Alger, Jr.

J. O. Kaler is a great favorite with the young people and we are sure all boy and girl readers will welcome him as an old and dear friend.

ABOVE SUSPICION.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

Author of "Dora Thorne," "Sin of Lifetime," etc.

What female writer has held the public so intensely as this favorite writer of love stories?

"Above Suspicion" tells of a beautiful young girl who sells herself for gold and of the dire consequences which follow. It would be unfair to the author to divulge more of the captivating plot.

OLIVER OPTIC STORIES.

Besides many of the other good things announced we shall publish some of the Famous Optic Stories. We know the young people will be pleased to hear this as the name of Oliver Optic is sure to bring delight to many of our readers.

In Addition to Authors Mentioned we will publish stories by Etta W. Pierce, May Agnes Fleming, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Amanda M. Douglas, Roger Starbuck, Virginia F. Townsend, Jack Harkaway, and short and continued stories by many other famous authors besides Ned Todd, our Nutshell stories and many interesting Home Work and other departments. Music and Puzzles will give one and all something of interest each month in the year. If you desire to keep in touch with all of these many features

List of Awards in Presidential Puzzle.

The following is a complete list of the cash prize awards in our great Presidential Prize Puzzle in the February number of COMFORT.

H. B. Mitchell, Athens, Ga., \$25.00 cash prize for brains, knowledge and skill.
S. H. Williams, Co. K, Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill., \$10.00 cash prize for skillful work and knowledge.
Philip Walter, P. O. Box 1019, New York City, \$5.00 cash prize for skill and speed.
Mrs. Josiah Besemer, Besemer, N. Y., \$3.00 cash prize for skill and age.
Marie E. Gaicran, Sturgis, Miss., \$2.00 cash prize for youth.
Mrs. Mary Morton, Bonners Ferry, Idaho, \$2.50 cash prize for being constant reader of COMFORT for longest time.
Rev. S. H. Helsabeck and wife, Rural Hall, N. C., \$5.00 cash prize for being oldest married couple.
No prize has been awarded to the "youngest married couple," as none of our eligible competitors mentioned dates sufficient to secure this reward.

read some of the most thrilling and whole-some stories ever published. Don't fail to subscribe, renew or extend subscription at once or by special coupon offer on this page. 10c. for only six months' trial subscription.

LOVE, THE SLEUTH;

Or, Hearts vs. Detectives in the Great "Purinton Mill Mystery."

BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

This is a strong, detective story and is written in the author's dramatic and vigorous style which has placed him at the head of detective story writers of this country. The scenes are thrilling, involving a network of criminalizing circumstances and thread of suspicion is thrown from one character to another in the story, until the mystery becomes greater at each installment.

"Who killed Caleb Brett," or "What became of him?" will be the questions asked until the final chapter is reached, as the story continues in strength and intensity to the end. Don't fail to read from the opening installment which begins in "COMFORT" this month.

THE BOY FROM SANTIAGO;

The Youthful Error, The True and the False, and Tom and I.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Tempest and Sunshine," etc.

The "Boy from Santiago" is a short novellette of a young lad who resented his father's continual fault-finding and enlisted in the army going to Cuba. It is full of tender touches of human nature and pathos that made the celebrated writer, Mary J. Holmes, famous.

The "True and the False" is a strong story of pride and ambition and points a beautiful moral that crime must meet its just punishment and virtue its reward. This is a rare treat of the year.

"Tom and I" is a simple, pure, love story written in the author's best vein. All will love "Nora," the heroine.

"The Youthful Error" is the story of a young life and the consequences that follow wrongdoing. It will make a sensation.

LIST OF \$1.00 AWARDS, PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE.

Hugh Wagoner, Newberne, W. Va.; J. F. Hawthorne, Cram Hill, Vermont; Miss Ollie L. Stimmel, Mica, Washington; Charles Wendling, 2824 Annunciation St., New Orleans, La.; A. C. Veatch, Jr., Gravette, Ark.; Miss Adah Lovelace, Mexico, Mo.; Carrie M. Unverzagt, 416 Chidlett Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.; Julia Jennings, Round Top, Wilson Co., Tenn.; Miss Ruby Cox, Toney Creek, S. C.; Frankie W. Dorsey, Hutchinson, Ky.; John W. White, Hamilton, Ala.; Mrs. James McElroy, Milford, Iowa; Charles F. Williams, Chumuckla, Fla.; Elvira G. McWilliams, La-Valle, Wis.; W. L. Dick, Piercetown, Indiana; S. Maude Richards, 28 Union St., Williamstown, Conn.; Frank W. Newhall, Box 57, South Braintree, Mass.; Miss Lela Mays, Durant, Miss.; H. S. English, care of S. Guckenheimer's Son, Savannah, Ga.; Miss Etta G. Barrickman, Merlin, Oreg.; Nora Russell, Leipsic, Delaware; Selina Hardesty, Anderson, Nev.; Lizzie Damascio, 3615 Bell St., Denver, Colo.; Mrs. E. A. Blanchard, 416 West 19th St., Cheyenne, Wyo.; Bessie L. Barnes, Nehart, Mont.; Eunice Colburn, Bryant, So. Dak.; Ernest Eckler, Dover,

Chats With Aunt Minerva.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

"I live away down South in Dixie. We have a delightful climate; grass stays green all winter and flowers never leave us. We have one thousand inhabitants. This is a great cotton market. We have some fine mineral springs four miles from here, and about ten miles from here, at Dumas, is a large cave; the soil there around Dumas is rich for several feet in depth, but beneath that is a blue marl. They can hardly dig wells on account of it. They have to dig through it for fifty or sixty feet. The water of these springs and wells petrifies everything that gets in them, such as birds, chickens, snakes, or lizards. There are many beautiful rocks and shells with the print of fish, flowers and leaves on them. Your little friend,

NINA WALLACE, Ripley, Miss.

Elsie Smith of New Rochester, Ohio, wishes to become a member of our band of cousins, and sends a letter for publication. We shall be delighted to have you among us, Elsie, dear, but your article is compiled from other authors. Send me something which is really your own and I shall be very glad to use it.

Still another new cousin, this time from Wisconsin. Welcome, cousin Laura. We are very glad to greet you, and hope you will enjoy us as much as we shall you.

"Our farm is located in a valley with hills and mountains all around it. Hemlock and cedar, spruce and tamarack trees grow upon them, and the Kickapoo river runs through the valley. Near the bank of the river is a hill about two hundred feet high, which is almost as steep as a house-roof, and nothing to climb by but bushes. It is about one mile in length, and grows gradually narrower until for about six feet of its length it is only ten inches in width; then it grows wider again. It is called Mount Pisgah, and the narrow part has the name of Lover's Rescue because a young man once rescued there from the cave below, which was infested with rattlesnakes, the girl he afterwards married.

"Another of the wonders of this state is a gulch washed out by rains and floods. This canyon is eighty rods long by ten wide, and forty feet in depth.

"We are English, but I am American born. My father was in the Civil War, and is seventy-three years old, but says he would fight again for his country if they would take him."

LAURA HART, Ontario, Wis.

A little girl of thirteen years writes to me from Decatur, Ill., asking me a number of questions which she is not old enough to need to ask. Wait four or five years, dear, and then, if you think such questions need an answer I will do my best to meet the case. Until then I would be a simple school girl, wear my hair in one or two braids, and let the young men severely alone.

And now we must say goodbye until the "Merry month of June."

AUNT MINERVA.

Minna; Clara A. Reese, Juniata, Neb.; Mrs. D. M. Ward, 948 Armstrong Ave., Kansas City, Kans.; May Robbins, Troy, Ohio; Miss K. J. Thompson, 108 James St., Newark, N. J.; Agnes M. Whiter, 602 East Chase St., Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Laura Hoxie, Detroit, Maine; Eugene Peck, 301 California St., San Francisco, Calif.; Annie E. Gulick, Watkins, N. Y.; Mrs. L. L. Sams, Milford, Texas; Miss M. C. Eiff, 605 N. 14th St., Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. A. A. Patterson, 739 W. 4th South St., Salt Lake City, Utah; Miss Theresa L. Mahoney, Winchester, N. H.; Mrs. Susan E. Armitage, Lisbon, N. Dak.; Herman C. Zimmerman, Drum Major, 7th Art. Corp., Band, Fort Adams, R. I.; Mrs. Eugene Therrien, St. Ignace, Mich.; Mamie Cooper, 614 Citizens Bank, Norfolk, Va.; Mary A. Thomas, Preston, Idaho; Mrs. Alma Fullbright, Big Ridge, N. C.

NO MORE SAMPLE COPIES.

Hereafter No Sample Copies of COMFORT will be issued except to those who desire them for subscription and club getting purposes. If you desire to continue reading any of the many interesting Stories and Departments contained in this issue, now is the time to subscribe while the very favorable offer printed on this page is before you, only 10c. for six months. Fill out subscription blank and send to-day.

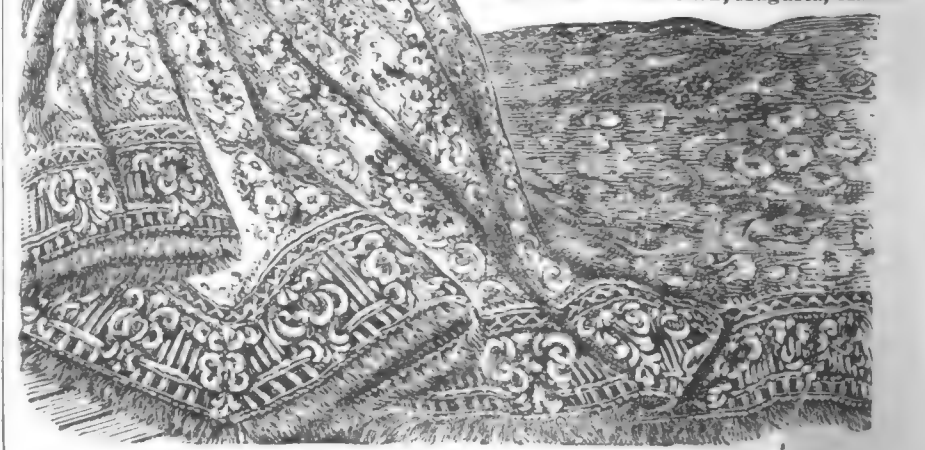
Our Colonial Story.

We substitute "A Girl's Wit" for "The Daughter of a Whig" announced in the April issue and we trust our readers will be pleased with this first installment, and also with some of the new features introduced this month. As above announced hereafter there will be no sample copies and all expiring subscriptions will be immediately discontinued. If you have any doubts about your own subscription being fully paid in advance you had better renew to-day so you will surely receive the next issue.

A SEAMLESS CARPET FREE!

These ALL MADE CARPETS are coming into vogue more and more every day. We send you one of these elegant Art Square Carpets all ready made to put down on any floor in any room in any house. The most satisfactory and serviceable floor covering in existence. They are woven the same as any carpet only all in one piece and as they have a border and fringe they do not have to cover the entire floor to give the proper effect to the room of taste and refinement. They are reversible and will thus wear any length of time and give a changed appearance to the room at any desired time. The figures and colorings are very beautiful and artistic. You can change these carpets very easily and quickly from one room to another at short notice. No long, hard, dreary hours to now be spent by the tired housewife in making her carpets. By the innovation of this style of carpets, moths, dust and bugs are easily prevented from working ruin and general havoc in the household as by being able to get around the edges of your carpet you can keep everything quickly clean, and prevent the destruction that surely comes to all old-fashioned full-covered carpeted floors. These Art Carpets come in different colors and sizes and we will send one of beautiful fine colored figured pattern 7'x9' feet Free, all charges paid, for a club of only 15 yearly subscribers to this paper at 50c. each. This carpet will be suitable for a room 12 to 16 feet square or all right to use as a large rug in a much larger room.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Publishers COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For enclosed 10c. please enter my subscription for COMFORT for six months paid in advance, and after that continue my subscription at 25c. a year unless otherwise ordered.

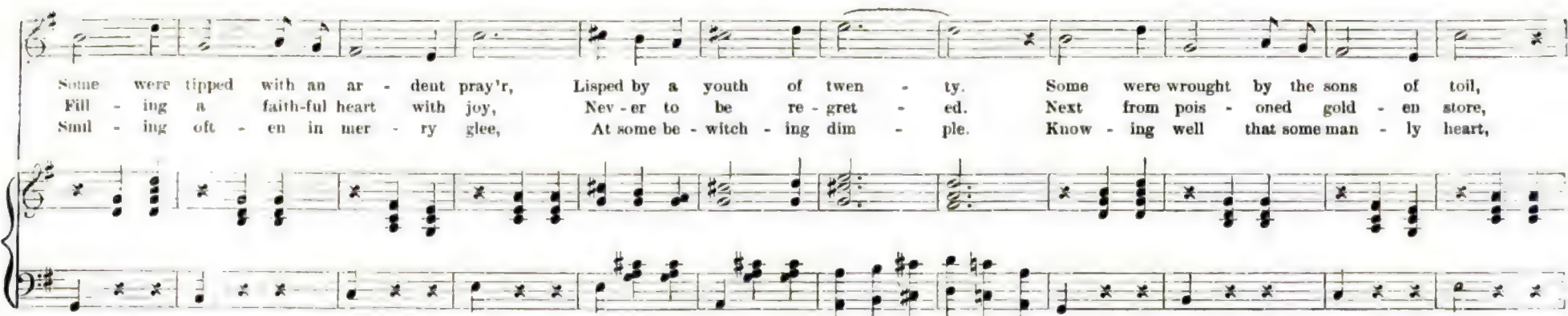
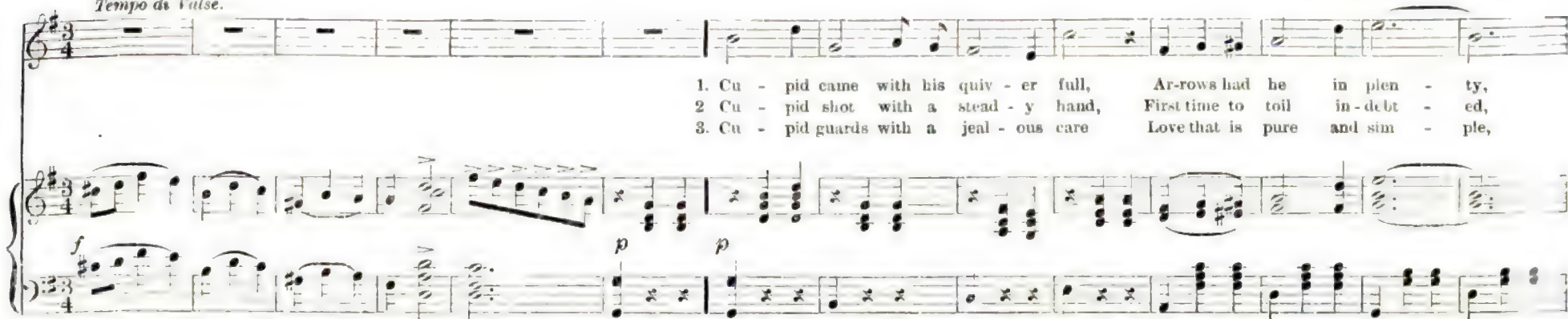
Name _____ County _____

Town _____ State _____

CUPID'S QUIVER.

BY AMELIA CRANE.

Tempo di Valse.



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Editor's Note. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post-office address in full.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *Comfort*, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month when pleasure is a duty,
Month of bees and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers,
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love and poets' praises,
O thou merry month complete,
May, the very name is sweet."

There, now that we have paid our respects to the month, I want to talk about some changes in this department. We have been receiving letters for some time past from the north, south, east and west on interesting but varied subjects. So now for a little change and also that we may become better acquainted, I invite you one and all to write me more particularly of your home life, for it is true that, "the corner-stone of the Commonwealth is the hearthstone," and how important is the work of every woman even in that sphere of life which many are tempted to despise as too narrow for their energies. But even if a woman, be "never heard of half a mile from home," the purity and loftiness of her life and the devoted unselfishness will affect with immense power every member of the home circle, and the influences which sur-

round children from the cradle mold their after lives as men and women.

Domestic happiness often colors commercial prosperity and an unhappy and discontented wife makes a discouraged merchant, farmer or day laborer, so a wife's or mother's influence reaches out even into the business world and to be bright and cheerful and let the burdens of life rest easily is one's duty. But different people have different ideals and ideas. What is easy for you to do is impossible for another. I want to know you each more intimately, what you are doing or interested in, or any experience or information that will assist others and me, we want to hear from many so please write short condensed letters so we may be able to print more of them.

Domestic science has a warm place in the hearts of all mothers, wives, and sisters. American women are intelligent, progressive and possessed of many original and excellent ideas, and above all they are lovers of their homes.

Let us start a "Home Sweet Home" Club. It can be made up of old and young, men and women, both can have a place in this great family of "Comfort." Young women and men, yes, boys and girls too, may enter our circle and send in their letters. The home relates to outdoor as well as indoor affairs. People living in the larger towns and cities enjoy hearing from those in remote sections. They want to know how they pass their time both as to amusements and home duties. So if you, dear reader, live in a very small place don't be afraid to tell all the cousins about your life and the more favored ones in the larger places can encourage you by their experience. Let your letters now be devoted entirely to an exchange of ideas, the perplexities which come up each day, or of anything of a general domestic nature, that pertains to the home from the washing of flannels to caring for the baby. The purpose of this department is to bring us all nearer together, let our relations be closer than ever before and may we become more familiar with each other's home surroundings.

Our first letter takes us away out to the north-western corner of our country.

"Both Washington and Oregon are great lumber states, vast quantities of lumber being annually exported from them. Much of this lumber is shipped to the east, to China, Japan, Australia and even to India. Millions of feet are also shipped to South America and to the Sandwich Islands, while California uses vast quantities of bridge timber and piles, which are largely employed in the construction of railroad bridges and the immense wharves which line the California coast."

"For several years past colossal timber rafts have been constructed in the lower Columbia river and elsewhere along the coast. They are from five hundred to seven hundred feet in length, and are in the shape of a huge cigar. They are built in immense 'cradles,' and then firmly lashed and keyed together or by massive cable chains. After being launched these crafts are towed by steam

tugs through the rough, open sea to San Francisco. Slow progress is made, several days being required for the voyage.

"The accompanying picture shows one of these rafts which has just made the trip from the mouth of the Columbia river to San Francisco. This raft contains one million feet of lumber. Sometimes rough weather is encountered and then the trip is fraught with great peril. The rafts are bound together in the strongest and most approved manner to resist the force of the sea, but in a heavy storm the force of the waves often proves too much even for the extraordinary precautions taken and the raft goes to pieces and becomes a total loss."

J. MAYNE BALTIMORE, Bossburg, Washington.

How we do wonder about this month! From Washington and Oregon, and thence to Texas, which state is evidently large in many ways, besides in extent of country.

"The colored youth of Texas are better supplied and cared for, educationally, than those of any other state. Although her citizens will become enraged and mob a colored man yet the state makes no distinction in the apportionment of her immense school fund. Last year the colored boys and girls of the state had the same sum as the whites, \$4.75 per capita, set aside for their use."

"The state maintains at Prairie View a normal, agricultural and mechanical college for the special training of colored teachers, and from two to three hundred students attend it every year, while all the eleemosynary institutions of the state for the white people have their counterpart for the colored. The blind, deaf and



dumb and the insane are given equal privileges with the whites, although in separate buildings and in charge of colored superintendents, teachers, etc. The accompanying cut shows the new main building of the Institute for deaf, dumb and blind colored youth of Austin, Texas. It is a

brick structure, fireproof, and cost \$12,000. The remaining buildings, equipment, grounds, etc. cost \$50,000, while the annual cost of maintenance is about \$20,000.

"The better class of colored people of Texas are not slow to take advantage of those privileges, and as a consequence the negro of Texas is coming to the fore."

ALBERT ADAMS, Yoakum, Texas.

Not being a boy Aunt Minerva knows nothing of the delights described in the next letter, but probably many of her readers are more fortunate.

"The delight of a boy in these southern backwoods is a coon-hunt; not that there is always a coon in it, for in the case of which I write there was not; but if Old Cap. could write it he would affirm that there was a dog in it, decidedly. Old Cap. is a first-rate coon dog, the kind that leads in the chase, nor ceases his efforts until the coon lies limp before him. In the aforementioned hunt, when the boys came up Cap. clearly indicated the tree up which his game had gone. It was so tall a tree, however, the top being away above the circle of light shed by the pine torches, that for all their devices to 'shine his eyes' no trace of a coon could be seen. George Racket, one of the older boys, then concluded to 'shin up' the tree and knock the coon out. As all the boys knew Racket was the proud possessor of an old horse pistol. He seldom carried it because his mother generally kept it hidden. He had the luck to find it at this time, however, and carried it in a holster that he had manufactured from a discarded boot leg, and which he had attached to a leather belt which he wore around his waist.

"Racket reached the limbs of the tree and scrambled about in the dark finding nothing, then started down. During this proceeding old Cap. in order to be first at the expected coon, stood on his hind legs, resting his fore paws against a pine bush. Being quite a long dog his nose and eyes just protruded through the leaves at the top.

"Something was wrong with Racket's head for he lost his reckoning and came down faster than he thought. When about three feet from the ground he spied Cap's nose, and, still imagining himself some distance up, he thought that nose was the coon's, and that said coon had been in the top of the pine sapling instead of in the tree. So he pulled out the old horse pistol and blazed away; then, starting to descend, to his surprise, he sat flat down on the earth. The boys, who had watched in silent amazement, stood staring at him, while old Cap. with many a yelp, made a bee line for home.

The tip of Cap's nose was cut smooth off by the bullet; but it healed long before Racket heard the last of 'his coon.'"

E. M. PAQUIN, Wiggs, Ark.

Here is a letter from a little ten year old cousin which seems to me so interesting and so well written that I am going to give it a place with the letters of the "grown-up" cousins.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



HEALTH AND BEAUTY TALKS WITH DR. BRADDON How to Live One Hundred Years

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family, that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. H. G. T., Anacosta.—An excellent fattener, and a food of especial benefit to consumptives, consists of a fresh egg in the juice of half a lemon, with pepper and salt to taste. To be taken at noon and before going to bed. It may be taken three times a day if necessary.

H. L., Rockdale, Ky.—A superior remedy for dysentery consists of one teaspoonful of common salt mixed with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar with a pint of hot water poured over them. A wineglass of this, cold, taken every half hour will be found quite efficacious. If the stomach is nauseated, a dose every hour will suffice. For a child a teaspoonful of salt and one of vinegar in a teaspoonful of water.

Henry H., Portsmouth, Ohio.—No better or simpler remedy for acidity of the stomach can be had than bicarbonate of soda (cooking soda). Take about half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water after meals, and on going to bed at night. The old idea that soda in reasonable quantity is hurtful has been exploded.

John H. L., Spring Valley, Md.—An obstinate ulcer may be greatly relieved, if not cured, by washing it with sugar dissolved in a strong decoction of walnut leaves.

Mrs. J. H., Lakin, Kans.—If your physician has told you to use the medicine you mention, you must follow his advice. He knows more about the case than any outside person can possibly. If you have lost confidence in him, get another physician.

Daisy, Melrose, Ark.—Vinegar is not necessary in making a mustard plaster. Mix it with bread crumbs and water, or flour and water, and the strength will be reduced. Do not leave it on too long. A blister is to be avoided.

Mary H. K., Columbia, Tenn.—For a sprain put the white of an egg into a saucer, keep stirring it with a piece of alum about as large as a walnut until it becomes a thick jelly. Apply a portion of it on a piece of lint or a cloth large enough to cover the sprain, changing it for a fresh one as often as it feels warm or dry. Keep the limb in a horizontal position by placing it on a chair.

Harriet, Cape Girardeau, Mo.—Asthma is not a disease that may be cured ordinarily except by a change of climatic conditions. It may be relieved by various remedies, however, and one that is recommended is composed of two ounces of the best honey and one ounce of castor oil mixed thoroughly. Dose a teaspoonful, night and morning.

Lawyer, Dover, Del.—Scarf in the head is not always the result of an actually diseased scalp. In fact it is often not so. A remedy that will cure five times in six may be prepared by putting a lump of fresh quicklime, the size of a walnut, into a pint of water and let it stand overnight. Pour the water off clear from the sediment, add a quart of the best vinegar and wash the head with the mixture. Only wet the roots of the hair.

G. T. B., Cohoes, N. Y.—Your symptoms would indicate Bright's Disease, which, as you appear to think, is not always incurable. Consult a physician at once, and, above all things, do not be discouraged. You will complete your allotted time, unless you lose courage and give up.

Teacher, Frascati, Ala.—If your ear drums are not affected, and the slight deafness is caused by a deficient secretion of wax it may be remedied by the following: Mix half a drachm of oil of turpentine with two drachms of olive oil. Introduce two drops of this into each ear at bedtime.

Miss Nancy, Vicksburg, Miss.—Do not be alarmed about the violent form your "malaria" seems to have taken since you have gone where it is said to be free from malaria. Malaria is not a disease. There are malarial conditions of earth, air and the body. If you have been living in a malarial neighborhood until your system is impregnated with the poison, although you may not be actually sick, when you go to some place where there is no malaria, all the chances are that you will become sick, and have a pretty hard time for a longer or shorter period according to your recuperative power. It is the result of the system trying to rid itself of the burden accumulated elsewhere. Stay where you are, a change will be of no benefit now.

Book-keeper, Evanston, Ill.—A carbuncle is a much more serious affair than a boil, and you should consult a physician. Carbuncles often continue for months despite the greatest care, and they not infrequently kill. That boil on the back of your neck which you say "seems to have come to stay," is a visitor that the doctor should see at once.

Mrs. K. L., Paris, Texas.—Unless you have a weak heart, or there is some other constitutional difficulty you need have no fear whatever about taking laughing-gas to have your teeth removed. The after effects pass away immediately, and there is no pain of pulling. It is foolish suffering to have a tooth pulled in the old way.

P. H. McN., Mansfield, Ohio.—At the first symptom of a cold if you will take five grains of quinine or less, if you are sensitive to it, and repeat the dose in three hours, you will probably break it up. Quinine affects people differently, and while some cannot take it at all, others feel no bad effects, other than a slight buzzing in the ears, from doses of ten, fifteen, or twenty grains. It is of no avail after the cold has got a start.

Hiram H., Paradise, Pa.—Don't take a five grain blue mass pill as your grandfather did. The modern and better way is to take one grain, or perhaps two, in one tenth or one fifth grain pellets every hour. These small doses act much better on the liver and are productive of the best results. A teaspoonful of salts in a glass of hot water may be necessary the next morning before breakfast. In obstinate cases double the dose of salts.

Mrs. L. M.—writes for a system of exercise for home use. There is so much attention now being given to gymnastics and physical culture, that we here illustrate a few simple beneficial movements. Take exercise and let it be such that the general circulation will be freed, the activity of the heart increased—such as massage and passive exercises, gentle vibrations of the chest, slow and regular percussion over the heart, rotary motions of the arms and legs. When her heart is beating too fast

a woman ought to stop in whatever she is doing, and take slow leg movements. The movement called "Preparations for Jumping" is a good one. This the way:

SEE ILLUSTRATION BELOW.

1. Rise on your toes, holding your hands on your hips, your fingers forward.
2. Bend your knees outward and downward.
3. Rise on your toes again.

Repeat three times very slowly. Another movement as good is shown in figure 1. Lean against a doorway and rotate both legs alternately, beginning with the ankle, then slowly letting the whole leg rotate in a small circle. As shown by figure 2, lie on a flat surface and make knee bendings, alternating right with left, very slowly and very thoroughly.

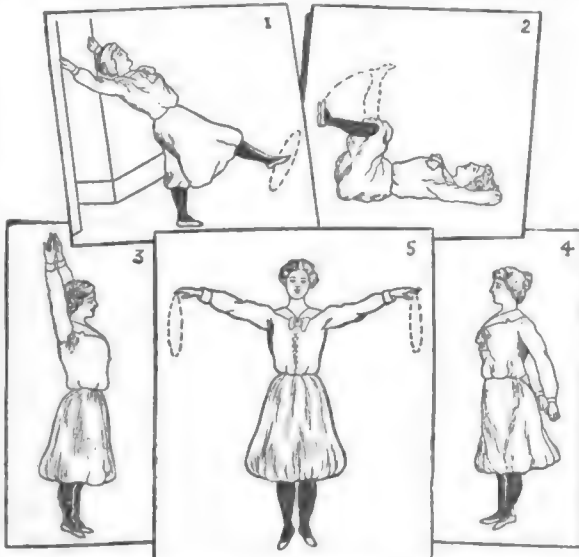
Again, stand erect, hands on the sides, heels together, toes turned out; raise your arms slowly outward, palms down, then upward, palms facing each other; then forward, arms perfectly parallel and downward, taking meantime a full, deep breath. This movement is shown in figures 3 and 4.

One good exercise which a woman can take without any preparation for it is to stand heels together and raise her arms outward level with her shoulders, then slowly rotate them. She should bend the head backward, arch the chest well and take a long inspiration with each rotation, rising on her tiptoes when the arms are at the top of the circle. This is shown in figure 5.

The Juvenile Essays.

The Winners of Prizes From the Various States in the First of the "Comfort" Essay Contests.

Notwithstanding the time was limited for responses to "Comfort's" first offer of prizes for essays on "George Washington," we received responses from our young readers in twenty-six states, although we are sorry prizes could not be awarded to writers in all reporting, because in those not recorded below, there was no competition, not more than one or two writers having sent in essays. Virginia, for instance,



the birthplace, home, and burial-place of George Washington sent but two essays, and as four prizes were offered, at least four essays were necessary for competition.

It was originally intended that the winning essays would be published, but we have received so many that there is not available space

in "Comfort" for them and we can only announce the winners' names and addresses.

We may say for the essays received that they averaged very well indeed for inexperienced writers, mistakes being few and the penmanship very creditable. The matter of the essays naturally showed much sameness, and it was apparent that not a few got their facts from the same source, and were not always careful to change the language of the book. One or two were in poetry, which was not as good as the prose. Many whose penmanship and matter were good, were very careless and slovenly in their work and fairly stuffed their essays into the envelopes. Others wrote on both sides of the paper knowingly, and others did little more than copy a table of dates and events. We are particularly glad to commend the younger of our essayists, and little ones of eight and nine showed that they will be prize winners very soon.

The following is a list of the winners, arranged by states and in the order of winning: California: Olive Dry, Redondo Beach; Benj. Phillips, Seiad Valley; Irving McInnis, Vallejo; Mabel Nichols, Oakland. Illinois: Mamie Scully, Curtis; George Osborne, Tamaroa; Oscar Mounce, Salisbury; Thomas Crump, Bridgeport. Indiana: Josie B. L. Conrad, Linden; Leoto Moore, Elkhart; Bertha Blair, Lexington; Ralph C. Wilson, Elkhart. Iowa: Harriet Hall, Dennison; Effie Lamb, Stiles; Fred B. Shoemaker, Washington; Trula Koppie, Iowa. Kansas: Pearl Joslin, Geneseo; Jessie Pringle, Tribune; Frank H. Farmer, Leoti; Charlie L. Huguet, Kansas City. Kentucky: A. B. Glass, Rockdale; Ruby Hastings, Smithland; Della M. Johnson, Guthrie. Michigan: Grace Ruth Burt, Dowagiac; Tweet Brown, Hart; Elmore Dobbs, Ishpeming; Loye Spencer, Imlay City. Minnesota: Grace Monroe, Mabel; Annie Andrix, Brown's Valley; Jacob Freese, Brocton; Lena Lewis, Tracy. Missouri: Claudia Lambriger, Chillicothe; Pearl Detweiler, Drynob; Bertha Earnest, Willard; Lowell Grundy, Ernest. New York: Blanche O. Middleton, Lisbon Center; Elsie Lyon, Fair Haven; Anna Gross, Felt's Mills; Jacob Silverman, Brooklyn. Ohio: Lettie Neville, Cadiz; Blanche Manger, Mogadore; Carrie Craft, Ironton; Margaret A. McKenzie, Circleville. Pennsylvania: Jetton F. French, Gableton; Martha B. Shale, Independence; M. Ray Jole, York Springs; Richard D. Lawley, Jr. Kingston. Texas: Mary Fordtran, Zapp; Jennie Wolauer, Italy; Clois Greene, Vernon; Annie Slavik, Hallettsville. Washington: Noe McKennie, Pullman; Lydia Burch, Harrington; Nellie Brewer, Kalama. Notice: Winners will please notify "Comfort" at once by postal to what postoffice (with name of postmaster) they wish their prizes sent, and also give name of nearest county papers. Otherwise the prizes cannot be forwarded, as names and addresses were not always written plainly in letters with essays.

CHANGE OF PLAN.

Experience having proved that our first plan of "Comfort" Essay Contest would not result satisfactorily, as a test of the literary ability of competing writers, so many writing from states which failed to have the required number to enter the competition, we now propose a different plan, which we hope will be just what is wanted. Prizes will be as follows: 1st, \$2, 2nd, \$1, 3rd, 75c. 4th, 50 cents, and each writer must enter with his or her essay twenty-five cents for one year's subscription to "Comfort." This will decrease the number of competitors and increase the chances of success to those who come in. As there are four prizes for each state and territory, there must be at least five essays to constitute a competition in that state, and in order to insure a competition, we would advise those who wish to compete to secure among their friends at least five persons to write essays. In this manner they will be sure their states are in the competition. These friends need not live in the same locality—only in the same state. If competitors are already subscribers they must secure and send in one new subscriber and 25c. for the year or they may have "Comfort" sent to any friend they choose, and "Comfort" for a year is a very desirable present to anybody.

You will understand from the above that "Comfort" will distribute over one hundred and seventy-seven prizes each month scattered about so that four will go into each state provided a competition exists in each state, and the way in which the essays have been poured in in answer to the first offer it would seem that nearly all the states had been heard from.

RULES FOR GUIDANCE OF CONTESTANTS.

The subject for the next prize essay (June "Comfort") will be "Kindness to Animals." Essays must not be less than 100, nor over 200 words long. They must be written in ink and on one side of the paper only. The writer's full and real name and post-office address with name of postmaster, and the names of the two nearest county papers, must be written plainly on the back of the first page of the essay. Also the age of the writer. Essays must be mailed before the 26th of the month. The merit of the essay will depend, and be judged upon its originality, its correct English, its correct spelling, its correct punctuation, its correct capitalization and its clearness of language and proper presentation of the subject. Each of these points will count so many, so that in this way the youngest and least experienced writer may have an equal chance with the old writers, who are not so painstaking as their younger competitors. Boys and girls are to be considered equally. Prizes to be awarded four essays in each state, 25c. for one year's subscription to "Comfort" to accompany each essay are as follows: 1st, \$2, 2nd, \$1, 3rd, 75c. 4th, 50 cents. These rules are very simple and they must be observed or essays will not be considered. Address all communications to Essay Editor, "Comfort," Augusta, Maine.

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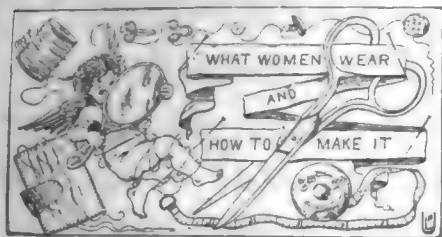
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Practical Dressmaking.

To Make Old Clothes Look Like New.

So many questions are asked "Comfort" by thrifty housewives all over the country, how to make-over last year's things, and the best way to utilize old things, remnants and scraps, that this column will be devoted entirely to this commendable, many times necessary, economy, and every woman is cordially invited to ask "Comfort's" help in this important branch of her work for adults and children. Address, Economy Editor, "Comfort," Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. Hyj. McD., Jackson, Ky.—To make a dress change appearance by new trimming: If the dress is elaborately trimmed, remove all the trimming and make it as plain as possible using stitching instead, and vice versa, that is, trim the plain old dress with new trimming.

Harriet, C. Lowell, Wis.—To turn a dress: After ripping, clean with gasoline. If it will admit, cut it by the latest pattern. If not, put together as before with new linings. Trim with graduated braids or velvet ribbon, putting the widest at the top, graduating toward the bottom.

Mother, Austin, Ark.—To make a dress for a little girl from mother's old one: Rip the skirt and clean thoroughly. It is best to wash some wool goods in soft warm water with Ivory soap shaved and melted in warm soft water, the quantity required to make a good suds. Dry slightly and press on wrong side with hot iron. Cut by a late pattern and trim as you wish. Clean and remodel the waist by removing the lining and cut into a shirt waist. Stretched bands of silk of the same color can be inserted in the fronts to widen them if necessary. Stretched collar and cuffs and belt of silk. If wash goods, insertings can be used. In making any kind of dresses for children always put an "underlap" for buttonholes. Never cut the hem of the dress, then you will be able to enlarge the dress when necessary. The skirts of outgrown dresses make beautiful waists with a little tucking or trimming, to be worn with cloth skirts. Last year's cashmere cloak can be made into a nice goosed skirt with rows of stitching on the bottom.

Mrs. A. Woodville, Miss.—To make a wrapper cheaply: Select good material which is the cheapest in the end. If it be of wool goods, cut it by a pattern not too pronounced so that it may be remodelled. Never trim it elaborately, but daintily for morning wear. Choose the color which is most becoming to the wearer.

Laura B. D., Broderick, Cal.—To trim an old hat to make it look like new: Lemon juice and salt will clean leather. Use a small stiff brush. Warm soft water and soap will clean any kind of straw hat. Braids can be ripped up and made into almost any desirable shape. If your black braid is a little rusty, use a good shoe polish on it, and you have practically a new foundation for a hat to be trimmed as you please. Then take your fashion plate, select the style you wish and copy it. Follow the description and you will find you have a model hat. If ribbons, chiffon or silk need laundering, immerse in gasoline, and do not wring, but shake dry. Light feathers can be cleaned by washing in warm suds and rinsing; shake dry, and curl.

E. C. L., Weedsport, N. Y.—To shorten a gored skirt: If it has a dounce, on it, shorten from top; rip off the band; rip each seam as far down as you wish to turn under (an inch or more), then take up each seam until it fits the band at the top, sloping them off towards the bottom. Press, and whip on the band again.

Kathryn K., Weir, Kans.—To make children's dresses: Do not sew the waist onto the skirt. Set the belt two or three inches up on the waist and bind the skirt. Set all ruffles up on the skirt and hem the skirt. In doing this you leave ample room for enlarging, when needed.

Miss Multon, Redfield, Iowa.—To change last year's shirt waist into a new spring double-breasted waist: Remove the gathering at the neck; draw one side over the other almost to the armhole, cutting off the under side, straight. If wool goods, trim the edge of double-breast, cuffs and collar, with a narrow fold of velvet and tiny buttons. In wash goods, use bands of insertion, instead of velvet.

Mrs. R. T. Y., Mickleton, N. J.—To make pretty neckwear from scraps. Scraps of white linen, too small for other uses, hemstitched and completely covered with French knots of any bright colors to match the waists, make very becoming turn-over collars. Black collars with white knots to be worn with white waists, also belts of the same, if fancied, and long India linen ties, stitched in bright colors using knots in design for the ends, of same color as stitching, are pretty for summer and may be made from remnants that might otherwise be lost.

Aunt Anne, Lima, Ills.—Summer yokes for dresses or waists can be made with bands of India linen an inch wide, hemstitched on both sides. Put the fine feather-stitching through the middle of band, putting bands together with beading to form the yoke. Run the beading with any bright ribbon desired. Do the feather-stitching with silk matching the ribbon. This done with black ribbon, feather-stitched, is extremely stylish for white waists. Ruffling, hemstitched or feather-stitched, is also very effective. In hemstitching the bands be sure to put a very thin hem on either side; whip together bands and beading; any insertion can be used instead of beading, if preferred.

Letitia M., Hockanum, Conn.—Get out your grandma's double black cashmere shawl; get a late coat suit pattern and new linings and make it into a spring suit to be worn with white shirt waists. The transformation is marvelous, both in beauty of suit and economy. It can be made plain with stitching; or silk bands, braids or buttons may be used.

The Latest Fashions.

By a special arrangement with the manufacturers, we have secured a line of the most popular and latest designs in fashions, and offer our readers patterns of the various styles illustrated Free for Club Subscriptions. Our pattern bears a number and the size in which it can be supplied.

In ordering patterns, order only one of the sizes given, and write the number of the pattern plainly; when two numbers are given in the same illustration, they indicate two patterns, and when both are ordered it is the same as ordering two different patterns.

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2272. SHORT SLEEVED SHIRT-WAIST.

The fad of last summer among the younger ladies was rolling the sleeves to the elbow; apparently this was so satisfactory that the short sleeved shirt-waist has been introduced in consequence, and for hot weather in all sections is destined to be very popular. The model shown here is a most practical one, and will develop stylishly in a great number of fabrics. If designed for "best" wear, Louise in printed or brocaded designs is especially pretty, while lace-trimmed sephyras, linen and printed Swiss will make an attractive waist for ordinary wear. Dainty bows on the sleeves and at the neck are the only decorations. Patterns are supplied in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure.

2283. FRENCH FLANNEL DRESSING SACQUE.

This dainty dressing sacque may be fashioned of French flannel, cashmere or cotton fabrics. A tasteful combination is old rose cashmere with dots of black, and collar of plain old rose cashmere, and bands of cream lace. Pale blue flannel with flat bands of blue taffeta and a large rosette of black satin ribbon is also a good combination. Patterns are supplied in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure.

2275-2256. LINEN OR CANVAS WAIST.

The costume here designated is very attractive and stylish for street or house wear. It may be developed in linen or canvas and would be very attractive with the vest of a bright red color. Combined with the newest skirt of the season the whole costume will be pleasing to even the most fastidious wearer. Patterns are supplied for the waist in sizes from 32 to 40 bust measure, and for the skirts in sizes medium and large.



2272.

2283.



2275.

2256.

2274-2142. DENIM OR PIQUE WAIST.

This dressy model is suitable for woolen or cotton fabrics and may be trimmed with rows of braid or bindings of contrasting fabrics. Denim or pique will work into this costume with bindings of white and make a very attractive waist. With the waist is used one of the most attractive skirts of the year. Patterns for the waist are supplied in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure, and for the skirt in sizes medium and large.

2274. APRON OF FINE LAWN.

The design here shown of an apron is one of the newest things of the kind. It is trimmed with a circular ruffle and plaited in one-fourth-inch tucks into a pointed belt; it also has a shaped bib with circular ruffle, and shoulder ribbons. It will require three and one-half yards of goods thirty-six inches wide with one and one-half yards of insertion and two and one-half yards of ribbon for shoulder decoration to construct this apron, which may be made of fine lawn or pongee as preferred. The pattern is supplied in one size only.

2256. THE VERA FROCK.

This pretty design for little girls is especially arranged for developing in any of the popular cotton fabrics. It can be made of the most inexpensive goods, and yet be exceedingly attractive. A shaped bertha ornaments the shoulders, and by the use of contrasting fabric a gimp is simulated. Patterns are supplied in sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years.



2274.

2256.



2274.

2256.

2290. A NEW DESIGN IN BOYS' SHIRT-WAIST.

The illustration shows a popular design for a boy's shirt-waist. A box plait is placed at either side of the front and at the back. The middle of the front is simply closed with buttons and buttonholes without the usual plait. The collar may be made of white linen or correspond with the waist. Duck, linen, galatea, madras or percale are the most popular fabrics for boys' shirt-waists. Patterns are supplied in sizes for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

2284. STRAIGHT FRONT CORSET COVER.

The straight front corset cover is especially designed to wear with the dainty summer shirt-waists, and is a very attractive garment, easy to make, and most comfortable to wear. All-over embroidery is used for the girdle or bodice sections and fine cambric or nainsook for the gathered upper parts. Wide embroidery banding may be used for the narrow yoke sections run with ribbon. If tucks were desired as illustrated tuck the material before cutting out. Patterns are supplied in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure.



2284.

2285.

2285. A PRETTY WAIST FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

A very attractive design for a young girl is shown in the waist illustrated. It may be developed in any of the silk, cotton or soft wool fabrics. It is made with elbow sleeves and for a gimp, the bodice of which is finished with a wide Bertha ruffle; the ruffle is tucked with several tucks and finished with a ruffle edged with lace. To wear with this costume any skirt suitable for a young girl of the ages designated would work in nicely. Patterns of the waist only are supplied, and in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

2252. THE NEWEST NIGHT DRESS.

In the night-dress here illustrated, we have a design that will be exceedingly popular for summer wear. The distinguishing feature is that the sleeve seams run into the neck band, thus doing away with the conventional shoulder seam. The material is tucked at the neck, and the yoke is then quite simply outlined with insertion; although it may be trimmed more elaborately if the wearer desires. Patterns can be supplied in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure.

SOME of our vegetables are known to have been in use from time immemorial. Asparagus was eaten two hundred years before Christ. Lettuce is mentioned as in use 550 B. C., and was even blanched to make it white and tender. Carrots, turnips, cucumbers and melons were all known to be in use two thousand years ago, as well as beets, parsnips and radishes.

THE Turks of today are as fond of lofty and imposing gateways in their cities as the ancient Romans were of triumphal arches. The traveller in Constantinople, for instance, meets with many beautiful specimens of architecture of this description in almost every city. The name La Sublime Porte by which the Sultan's government is known to the world means "The Lofty Gate," and is so called from a magnificent marble gate, through which in former times only the Sultan and his family were allowed to pass into the palace.

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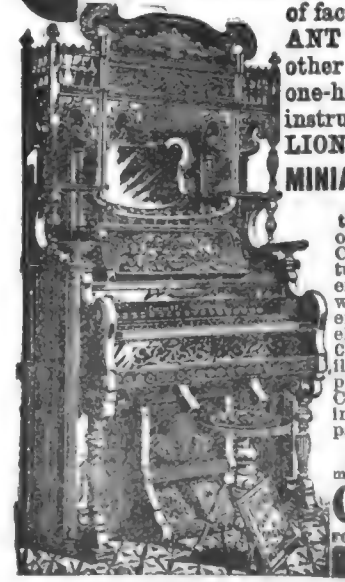
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THE HOME FINDER

[So many inquiries are made by "Comfort" readers concerning real estate (country and city) farms and locations for homes that this column has become a necessity and here we shall be glad to answer all questions.]

Any paid-up subscriber who desires to make a change in their present situation or are in any way uncomfortable in their abode and want information about any particular location in any State in the Union can address "The Comfort Home Finder," Augusta, Maine, and we will try and serve them.

M. B. K., Pleasant Hill, Mo.—For information concerning California lands and agriculture write to J. A. Filcher, Sec'y California State Board of Trade, Ferry Building, San Francisco, Cal.

G. F. B., Horton Summit, Va.—There is government land in Missouri, Wisconsin, and nearly all the western states. Write to the Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C. for information. (2) Farm labor is about the same as it is in Virginia. Sheep herding in Idaho is paid better, but the work is not advisable for you to undertake. (3) Lands may be had very reasonably in Minnesota.

Mrs. H. S., Lyons, Ohio.—The California climate is probably the best. See answer above to M. B. K.

Inquirer, Muskegon, Mich.—You are in a better place for furniture making than if you went to the Pacific. If your husband wanted to do other work and let you open a millinery store, the West would be better, perhaps, especially if you got into a warmer climate. You should not get into as large a town as Muskegon, or one not larger. Racine is a pleasant town, but its climate is no better than where you are. Why not try Arizona on an irrigated farm? Write to Hon. Mark Smith, M. C., Washington, D. C., for particulars. Or to Major W. H. Bonnell, Los Angeles, Cal., if you want to go to that section.

H. K., New Ulm, Minn.—Don't try farming in Alaska. It may not be as cold there, at least, along the coast, as you find it in Minnesota, but you can make more money on a Minnesota farm that is frozen out four seasons in five than you can on an Alaska farm.

D. E., Higbee, Pa.—The only way to be sure about the Florida climate for throat and lung trouble is to try it. Possibly Polk county would be the best place for you, as land is cheap there. A good farm of forty acres, twenty-three cleared, six in orange grove with one hundred bearing trees, and having a five room house &c., one mile from railroad station, can be had for eight hundred dollars. Write to E. C. Stuart, Bartow, Fla., and ask for copy of Courier-Informant.

E. M., Hurricane, Ills.—See answer above to "O. M." about Virginia lands.

Mrs. L. B., North Menomonee, Wis.—Write to Dr. Dillon J. Spotswood, Mobile, Ala., for particulars about land thirty miles from the sea. Possibly you can trade your place in Wisconsin for one in Alabama. Ask him to hand your letter to a responsible real estate dealer.

Mrs. N. W. B., Esquagamah, Minn.—We have not space enough to describe Oregon lands and climate but you can get a book of it all by writing to A. L. Craig, G. P. A., O. R. & N. Co., Portland, Oregon. The descriptive pamphlet you will get is somewhat extravagant in tone, but Oregon is really a great state, when you have become accustomed to the dampness of the climate, never cold, which prevails west of the mountains. To the east it is dry, but the climate is variable, cold in winter and warm in summer. Fred Hurst, Salem, may also give you information in detail.

S. A., Round Knob, W. Va.—Washington has just issued a fine book of her resources. Write to A. W. Frater, Deputy Commissioner Bureau of Agriculture, Olympia, Wash., for a copy. You will find Washington a decided improvement on your part of West Virginia. It is also preferable at present to Oklahoma, as it is older and more settled, and there are greater varieties of soil and country. Write to Louis Pilcher, South McAllister, Okla. for particulars.

Mrs. J. T. E., Lantana, Fla.—Write to Hon. Jeff Johnson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Austin, Texas, for particulars of Texas lands. See answer above to "O. M." for Virginia lands.

C. C. O., Kenosha, Wis., C. C. S., Gaylordsville, Conn., J. P. Stephenson, Mich., E. W., Logansport, Ind., A. H., Fond du Lac, Wis., T. H. G., Midway, Ind., F. L. B., Elkton, S. D., are requested to write to Hon. A. W. Harmon, Jr., State Treasurer, Richmond, Va., stating what they want and asking for land literature.

A. V. B., New Britain, Conn.—We would hardly recommend Florida for poultry raising. The land outside of Baltimore ought to be what you want, especially if it is between Baltimore and Washington, because there you would be within an hour or two of two as fine markets as there are in this country. A very fine part of Maryland is on the famous Eastern Shore in the vicinity of Easton, within three or four hours of either Washington or Baltimore. Land may be had for forty dollars an acre up. Write to Col. Oswald Tilghman, Easton, Md., for particulars of that section.

H. R. D., Grayson, Ky.—If you can rent your farm for three hundred dollars a year, we would advise that you do so instead of selling it and investing the money in a farm in northern Ohio. You will find that part of the country flat and likely to be malarial in sections, and if you get yourself fixed on a place that is not healthy you will be in worse condition than you now are. Rent a farm in the neighborhood where you want to go and after a year of experience you will know better whether you want to stay there or not, and you will still have your Kentucky home to go back to, if you don't like the Ohio place.

J. K. R., Moline, Ills.—Portsmouth, Ohio, is a very pleasant town to live in according to all reports. It has about 17,000 people who are active and energetic, and your western hustle will be appreciated there. Its churches and schools are of a high order, and while there are no very wealthy people, there are many who are very well-to-do, which makes the best kind of a town. It is 135 miles from Cincinnati, and about 100 from Columbus, with railroad connections to all points. Its leading industries are iron and shoes.

Agricola, Columbia, Tenn.—Land in Georgia suitable for peach growing can be had at from \$20 to \$50 an acre according to its condition, cleared land, of course, being worth more than the wooded, though the wood in most instances will pay for the clearing. Hon. O. B. Stevens, Comm'r of Horticulture, Atlanta, will give you all the information you want beyond personal investigation.

J. E. G., Buena, W. Va.—Concerning tax lands in Virginia, Commissioner Koerner reports that the only lands to be had at present for taxes are mountain lands. There are thousands of acres of good farming lands, however, improved and ready for occupancy which may be had at from \$10 an acre up. Write to H. W. Weiss, Immigration Bureau, Emporia, Va.

C. A. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—See answer to "J. E. G." above.

Boyd, Long Run, W. Va.—The government still owns something more than nine hundred million acres of land in 26 states and territories. You can get particulars by addressing Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C.

O. M., Mt. Vernon, S. D.—Write to A. W. Harmon,

"IN MOTHER'S PART."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

Haughty and blank with a brownstone front,
And facing the avenue wide,
The mansion stares with the arrogant wont
Of opulence's silent pride.
Behind the gleam of the curved plate-glass
Is the pomp of the rich and proud,
And the envious sigh as they slowly pass
The fortunate thus endowed.
And the rear, where the garden spread its bloom,
And the merry children play,
A homelike, plain, old-fashioned room
Is modestly tucked away.
No splendid trappings or laces here,
No rich and costly art;
There is merely the simplest and plainest gear,
—This only "mother's part."

In "mother's part" are the queer, quaint things
That she brought from the old home place;
She sits among them and knits and sings
With peace on her dear old face.
There are braided rugs and rugs of rags
With colors in curious blend;
And each means patience that never flags
And a blistered finger end.
There are little tidies and odd, old "knicks,"
But nothing rare or fine;
—Too many the claims of her brood of chicks,
To fashion a rich design.
She made them all in the brief "tweenwhiles"
As she toiled with a faithful heart;
—They stand for the years of tears and smiles,
Those things in "mother's part."
The wealth of her children casts no spell,
—The city has no charm,
She loves no furnishings half so well
As the things from the old home farm.
She sits among them all the day,
Dreaming of years gone by,
And each has its bit of a word to say
As it catches her dim old eye.
This of the living whispers now,
—That of the dead and dear;
Now, a smile 'neath her placid brow,
And now a wistful tear,
And children come, her boys grown men,
And sit with chastened heart,
Borne from the Now to the dear old Then,
In the peace of "mother's part."

Jr., State Treasurer, Richmond, Va., for particulars concerning tax lands in that state. Ask him for the address of a responsible firm dealing in farm lands.

Virginia Farms of All Sizes at Low Prices. Write to H. W. Weiss, Man'gr of Immigration, Emporia, Va.

Although not addressed to or belonging to this department, we publish the following letter from one of our subscribers and trust the lost brother and son may be found.

To the "Comfort," SAN FELIPE, April 10, 1902.
DEAR READERS: I have been a silent reader of the "Comfort" from the day I first began to read, and as I know it is a "wide world" paper, I will see if any of the readers can help me find my lost brother (Gus W. Brune). Today is his birthday. If he is living he is twenty years old today. Although he has been gone four years on the 28th of June, we still put flowers on the table in remembrance of his birthday, but oh, how sad since he left, to look at the lonely flowers without the owner. Mother's and sister's eyes filled with tears. I have been thinking of him no more today that I finally concluded the "Comfort" can bring comfort to us and once if it can find Gus. He rode off horseback telling us he was going to see a cousin some miles off, would be back the next day, but has never returned. My father died the 2nd of Dec. 1898; his dying words were, "My boy, forgive me for ill treating you and return to those that love you." Gus was blind in his left eye, has a small scar on forehead, dark blonde hair, jet black eyebrows and lashes, eyes gray, tall and well built; he rode a Dun blazer faced filly, branded "L. M." Now if any one can give his sorrowful sister and broken-hearted mother any information, please do so. Address,
JUSTINA A. BRUNE, San Felipe, Texas.

ON ANOTHER PAGE
of Comfort will be found the
advertisement of The American
Woman.

These people are our neighbors, and are among the most reliable business-men of the State. We earnestly request all our readers to investigate what they have to offer.

WOMEN WHO WISH A FRIEND.

One to Whom She Can Appeal When She Is Suffering from Irregularities, Ailments, or Derangements Which Afflict Her Because She is a Woman.

We can recommend just such a friend. One who has devoted his life to the study of all ailments peculiar to women; one who has made a special study of maternity and painless childbirth; who has discovered and developed a home treatment that enables weak and sickly women to become well, strong and consequently happy; also enables the expectant mother to escape all those pains, aches and dangers which afflict her during the whole period and at childbirth; which gives health to both mother and child. He will gladly advise you, also send sample of his home treatment free. Such a friend to women is Dr. J. H. Dye, 36 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y. Write him today; he will treat you honest and honorably.

70 COSTS ONLY 2 CENTS

To write us to send you our genuine American Model, adjusted patented **17 JEWEL** Stem wind and stem set Watch. Ladies' or gent's size. 14k gold plate Hunting case, with guarantee for 20 YRS. Chain & charm free. After inspection if you find as represented return Express Co., \$2.75 charges and 10c in postage. **Hall, Mfg. Co., Dept. 71, 180 Dearborn St., Chicago**

Cash Buyers for Farms

or other real estate may be found through me, no matter where located. Send description and price and learn my successful method for finding buyers. **W. M. OSTRANDER**, North American Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Spanish Needles, Rods, Goldometers for locating Gold, Silver and hidden treasures. Our instruments are the best. Catalogue 2 cents. **E. G. Stauffer, Dept. C, Harrisburg, Pa.**

SALESMEN Wanted to travel for old-established firm. Salary, \$50 a mo. & expenses. No previous experience needed. **W. B. HOUSE, 1020 Race St., Phila., Pa.**

I REVEAL YOUR LIFE COMPLETE. I LOVE, MARRIAGE, BUSINESS and SPECULATION. When to MARRY and whom. Your FUTURE and a FORTUNE are revealed. Write for FREE ADVICE your BUSINESS is analyzed, and to reveal that will change your life. **PROF. RENFREW, MEDFORD, MASS.**

PLAYS Best List of New Plays. 325 Nos. Dialogues, Speakers, Hand Books. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON, Pub., Dept. 8, Chicago**

AGENTS CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Profits. Expr. Pd. Terms free. **Herbena Agency Co., Box 254, Station L, New York.**

WE PAY \$20 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Compound. Send stp. **JAVELLE MFG. CO., Dept. 17, PARSONS, KANSAS.**

\$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. **FRANK MFG. CO., Station 32, Cincinnati, O.**

GOLD SILVER and HIDDEN TREASURES CAN BE found by Hall's Magnetic Rod. Millions of wealth lie under your feet. A book and testimonials free. Address **P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.**

WANTED AGENTS in every county to sell "Family Memorials," good profits and steady work. Address, **CAMPBELL & CO., 10 Plum St., Elgin, Ill.**

WE are giving away Life Size Dolls for a little work. Address National Med. Co., New Haven, Conn. for distributing samples (either sex). **Smith Adv. Asso., Wash., D. C.**

LOSS OF WEIGHT
IS DANGEROUSLoss of Weight Means a Loss of Strength and May
Lead to Dangerous Sickness.

KEEP FAT IF YOU CAN--THIS TELLS HOW.

One of the first signs of rapidly failing health is loss of weight.

Flesh is strength, and loss of flesh is loss of strength.

Loss of flesh is one of the most persistent symptoms of consumption.

Feverishness, constant cough, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, lack of ambition.

All these form "corroborative testimony," as the courts call it.

And, if the germ is there, it is high time for drastic measures.

The way to build strength and flesh is to take a course of the Dr. Slocum treatment for weakness and weak lungs.

It is a complete system for the building up of a dilapidated system.

A scientific, antiseptic, prophylactic system for all who are in danger of going into a decline.

It consists of a course of four medicinal preparations and scientific concentrated tissue foods and builders that create flesh and strength and so conserve the failing vital forces.

They make strength and keep it.

One of their ingredients is a germicide of great potency, absolutely harmless to the human system.

The Slocum treatment purifies the body of germs and of the poisons which germs create.

It heals inflamed membranes, soothes cough restores disordered digestion and assimilation, and is a general tonic for the weak system.

Its use has cured many thousands of a consumptive taint—many thousands of actual consumption infection.

It is a pleasant and harmless method of treatment for all who are sick, in any way, especially those who are in delicate health.

To test its great efficacy in your own case simply write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine Street, New York, for the Free Course of Treatment, mentioning Comfort and giving your name, postoffice and express address, when a full supply of Four Free Preparations will at once be sent you.

15c EACH, 2 FOR 25c, 8 FOR 50c. POST-PAID

KINGFISHER hook, Pat. Aug. 3, 1900; catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted.

PARSON FISH HOOK CO., OWENSBORO, KY. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

A PAYING PROFESSION Can be learned in ten days. Become independent. Be your own boss. Particulars free. **PROF. S. A. WELTMER, Nevada, Mo.**

LUCKY SEALS AND TALISMANS. Personal desired. Look in life or to capture friends should wear one at every on their person. Write for city and state. **SEAL & BOOK CO., 314 N. PALMYRA, PENNA.**

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders. No experience needed. **American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind.**

MONEY C. S. A. \$5 bill sent to any address for 25c. Will give \$50 to anyone who can detect it. **FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.**

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c stamp. **A. W. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.**

CHICAGO HOUSEHOLD GUEST 50 cents a year. Sample copy free on application.

100 FINE WHITE ENVELOPES Neatly Printed with your name and address. Write for them. **W. F. HOWIE, PRINTER, BEES PLAIN, VT.**

WRITERS WANTED to do copywriting at home. **ART INSTITUTE, Lima, Ohio.**

"Man Wanted to sell Teas and Coffees. Commission or Salary. **W. I. Co., Box 2996, New York.**"

YOUR LIFE IS INFLUENCED By the planet under which you were born. Just as the tides rise and fall with the moon, I point out the dangers and the way to success in love, marriage and business. My forecasts are truly wonderful—to many worth a fortune. I will give you a trial reading free. Send date of birth, enclosing 2 stamps. **Prof. C. O. ZADRIEL, Bx 1187, Philadelphia.**

FREE TRUSS I have a truss that's cured hundreds of ruptures. It's safe, sure, and easy as an old stocking. No elastic or steel band around the body or between the legs. Holds any rupture. To introduce it every sufferer who answers this ad can have one free. It won't cost a cent. **ALEX. SPEIRS, 707 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.**

This 44 Pc. TEA SET FREE To every lady who sells 10 cans of our Baking Powder, etc., (on our Plan No. 10) giving free to each purchaser a beautiful Glass Pitcher and six glasses to match. We give this 44-pc. handsomely decorated Tea Set, full size for table use, free. No money required in advance. Simply send your name & address & we will send you our plans, order blank, etc. We will allow you time to deliver the Baking Powder, & collect the money before paying us. You run no risk, as we pay the freight, & will trust you with the Baking Powder & Dishes, etc. We also give away 12 Piece Dinner Sets, Dress Skirts, Couches, Furniture, etc., for selling our goods. Address **King Mfg. Co., 623 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.**

\$1200.00 4 PIANOS FREE

AEHYS FLGRDAIE LLNDCVAEE RRSNHIAO TNRG

Can you arrange these five different groups of letters into the names of five (5) former presidents of the United States? If so you can share in the distribution of the above. We will give away \$1200.00 in cash and four CASHES. CAREFULLY. REMEMBER we do not want one cent of your money when you answer this contest. In making the five names the letters can be used in their own groups and as many times as they appear in any individual group, and no letter can be used which does not appear in its own group. After you have arranged the five groups and formed the five correct names, write them out plainly and send to us and you will receive our reply by return mail. TRY AND WIN. If you make the five correct names and send them 12 Piece Dinner Set, Dress Skirts, Couches, Furniture, etc., for selling our goods. Address **WOOD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 24 394 Atlantic Ave., Box 3124, Boston, Mass.**

\$1,000.00 IN GOLD FREE!

THE PARROT HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CAGE—TRY TO FIND HIM Boys and girls over twelve years of age who will cut out this picture and mark plainly with pencil or pen the missing bird (if they can find it) MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000.00 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY IN FIVE MONTHLY PREMIUMS for doing a little work for us. This is a contest where both brains and energy count. We are determined to make the name of our charming monthly magazine a household word, and we take this novel plan of advertising. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the most entertaining New York magazines into every home of the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. There is only one condition, which should take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. After you have found the missing parrot, send it to us at once. You may take an entire evening, but it will pay you to STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000.00. A sample copy of our MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Try to solve this puzzle. Do not delay. Send your answer in immediately. We positively guarantee that this Missing Parrot can be found. Of course, like all problems, it will require some thought, patience and time. But the reward is well worth striving for, especially when we do not ask you to send us any money with your answer. The golden prizes of life are being gained by brains and energy nowadays. Lazy people and the drones and idlers are always complaining of bad luck. Now here is a GOLDEN CHANCE for anyone who will strive hard, and the pleasing part of it is that it does not cost you one cent outside of the letter you send us. Our magazine will please you. It delights us to please our readers. We are continually giving away large sums of money in different contests, as we find it is the very best kind of advertising. Try and Win. If you find the parrot and send the slip with it marked thereon to us at once, who knows but what you will get the gold? Anyway, we do not want any money from you, and a puzzle like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write you and you will hear from us by return mail. We hope you will try for it, as we shall give the \$1,000.00 in gold anyway. Do not delay. Write at once. Address **THE ROBINSON PUB. CO., 22 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.**

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Can you arrange these five different groups of letters into the names of five (5) former presidents of the United States? If so you can share in the distribution of the above. We will give away \$1200.00 in cash and four CASHES. CAREFULLY. REMEMBER we do not want one cent of your money when you answer this contest. In making the five names the letters can be used in their own groups and as many times as they appear in any individual group, and no letter can be used which does not appear in its own group. After you have arranged the five groups and formed the five correct names, write them out plainly and send to us and you will receive our reply by return mail. TRY AND WIN. If you make the five correct names and send them 12 Piece Dinner Set, Dress Skirts, Couches, Furniture, etc., for selling our goods. Address **WOOD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 24 394 Atlantic Ave., Box 3124, Boston, Mass.**



IN PINCH TIME.



looks around to find it.

After green vegetables come housekeeping is simpler. But now one must make the best of what one has and that is not always easy. Yet there are unusual fashions of serving the old stand-bys in the line of Winter vegetables, and it will pay the woman who keeps house to study up a few of them.

Potatoes are a matter of course on nearly every table, but after a while the persons who like them best get tired of them, boiled, mashed, baked or fried, and wish there were some new way of cooking them. There are new ways, and here are two of them.

SMOTHERED POTATOES.

Peel and slice a dozen potatoes and throw them into cold water. Let them stand in this for an hour, drain them and put them into a pudding dish with a small onion sliced thin. Mix the slices of onion here and there through the potatoes, and sprinkle them with pepper and salt. Pour over them enough milk to cover them well and put on top a tablespoonful of butter. Cover closely and bake in a steady oven for three quarters of an hour, uncover and brown. Serve in the pudding dish.

POTATOES WITH BUTTER AND PARSLEY SAUCE. Boil potatoes whole, first peeling them. Have them as nearly one size as possible, and put them into a hot dish. Work ten drops of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley into a tablespoonful of butter and put this on the potatoes. Leave the dish in the oven or in a warm place until the butter has melted, then send to table. If you do not like the lemon with the potatoes, you can put ten drops of onion juice into the butter with the parsley.

Rice is a pleasant variety on potatoes, but few persons know how to cook it properly. To boil it dry it should be well washed first and a cupful put on to cook in two quarts of salted water. The water should be at a galloping boil when the rice goes in and should keep in this state until the rice is done. This should then be turned from the rice and this left to dry off—as potatoes do. A variety is made as follows:

RICE AND TOMATOES.

Butter a pudding dish and put the boiled rice into it, stirring in half an onion, chopped, and a full cup of stewed tomatoes. Add a lump of butter the size of an egg and salt and pepper to taste. If you can get hold of a green pepper, fresh or pickled, and put it through the rice, so much the better. A few bits of dried red pepper may be used, but not too much. Bake all covered for half an hour, uncover and brown. This makes a very well-flavored dish and nearly every one will like it.

But one does not want all starchy foods. Potatoes and rice are very well, but they are not enough and even macaroni, while it makes a change, falls after a while. So one must fall back upon the old Winter vegetables or find new ways of making canned vegetables take the place of the fresh.

Of course it gives a little more trouble. But then one must expect that to get anything worth while. And it is worth while to make the table attractive and to see the members of the family who have turned away from their food or complained that nothing tasted right, enjoy the meal on which the housekeeper has spent a certain amount of extra care. A dish that will appeal to those who like tomatoes more than will the everlasting stewed tomatoes, is the following:

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

Chop fine two tablespoonfuls of fat salt pork and a small onion. Butter a pudding dish and put in it a layer of canned tomatoes. Sprinkle with the minced pork and onion and with salt and pepper. Have the top layer of crumbs. Strew bits of butter over it, bake covered half an hour, uncover and brown.

Another excellent dish that can be made by those who are remote from towns and must depend upon the products of the farm is

STUFFED ONIONS.

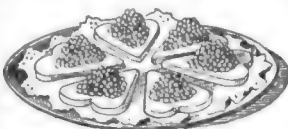
Select the largest onions you have. Peel them and parboil them for ten minutes. Drain them and when they are perfectly cold, dig out the heart with a sharp penknife, leaving pretty thick walls outside of the cavity you make. Chop the onion taken out with a little cold meat and a few bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with a little butter. Put this stuffing back into the onions, set them side by side in a bake dish, pour about them enough weak stock to keep them from burning and bake covered half an hour. Stick a bit of parsley in the top of each before you send the dish to table.

Another nice dish is made by cutting turnips and carrots into balls or dice. If you have a little potato gouge you can make the balls and it is pretty to have the white turnips cut in

balls and the orange carrots cut in dice. Boil them until tender in separate vessels, drain them and mix them in a dish. Put a lump of butter upon them and sprinkle them with salt and pepper.

PEASE IN BREAD PATTIES.

Cut thick slices of stale bread into fancy shapes with a cake cutter. If you have no cutter that will shape hearts or diamonds use the round tin with which you cut biscuits. Scoop out a hollow in the middle of each form, brush over the cup you thus make with melted butter and set it in the oven until it is lightly browned. Take the contents of a can of green peas, which should have been turned out an hour before they are to be used. Drain the liquor from them. Heat a cupful of milk and add to it one tablespoonful of butter, a saltspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Put in carefully the yolks of two eggs and the peas. Let all get hot together and as soon as the sauce thickens, fill the hollows in the bread patties with the peas and the sauce. Heap it up on top of the patties. This is pretty and good.



PEASE IN BREAD PATTIES.

Nothing appeals so much to the appetite in the spring as green food of various kinds. On some farms there is provision made for keeping all winter celery and other green vegetables, while on other farms there is provision made by means of hot beds or cold frames for early lettuce and other salads. These are most wholesome and when they cannot be secured, cabbage salad should be made. What is known as "hot slaw" is liked by nearly every one and makes a pleasant variety in the ordinary run of every-day vegetables.

HOT SLAW.

Mince fine the heart of a head of cabbage. Make a dressing by heating over the fire a cup of vinegar with a tablespoonful each of sugar and of butter, a pinch each of salt and of pepper. Let them come to a boil. Pour it then over the cabbage and set it aside to become perfectly cold. It is improved by adding to it a couple of tablespoonfuls of sour cream just before sending to table.

This is a delicious salad and it is possible to compass others even when fresh lettuce is not at hand. Canned peas or string beans, drained and made very cold may be served with a dressing like the above or with one or three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of vinegar and a half teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of pepper. They should be well mixed and poured over the salad. It is very well worth while to buy good salad oil. It will keep almost any length of time in a cool place and make possible many delicious dishes.

Potato-salad is liked by nearly every one. Cold boiled beets make a good salad or may be added to other salads. All these things have their part in improving the table in the farmhouse or in the small village.

Sometimes the extra trouble hardly seems worth while and yet in the end it pays for itself. It is very little care to add to the dinner or the supper the dish of water cresses or beet tops or dandelion salad, and yet the constant use of such things often has its share in regulating the system in Spring and saving the course of medicine that many people feel they must take in the first warm days. And there are few housekeepers who do not feel that the added care is more than made up for by the more attractive table. They, too, get tired of the everlasting round and long for a change and enjoy it when it comes. There are many novelties that are simple and cheap if they will but keep on the lookout for them.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR—In conducting this department Mrs. Herrick would be pleased to answer any questions that our readers may ask. It is her desire to please all "COMFORT" readers and in order to find out your likes and dislikes can't you write and ask a few questions. By so doing you may give us some hint or suggestion as to how this Household Department should be conducted to suit the greatest number of our readers. Mrs. Herrick's mother, MARION HARLAND, has made herself famous by her rare judgment in household matters, and her daughter is equally gifted in this connection. Address all letters Christine Terhune Herrick, care COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

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PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN.

President of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.

In all parts of the country men and women doctors and surgeons, clergymen and educators are wondering at the remarkable cures made by Prof. Thos. F. Adkin, discoverer of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment.

Professor Adkin heals not by drugs, nor by Christian Science, nor by Osteopathy, nor by Hypnotism, nor by Divine Healing, but by a subtle psychic force of nature in combination with certain vital magnetic remedies which contain the very elements of life and health.

A reporter recently talked with Professor Adkin and was asked to invite all readers of this paper who are sick or who are worried by the ills of those dear to them to write to him for assistance. "Some people have declared," said Professor Adkin, "that my powers are of God; they call me a Divine Healer—a man of mysterious powers. This is not so. I cure because I understand nature—because I use a subtle force of nature to build up the system and restore health. But at the same time I believe that the Creator would not have given me the opportunity to make the discoveries I have made nor the ability to develop them if He had not intended that I should use them for the good of humanity. I therefore feel that it is my duty to give the benefit of the science I practice to all who are suffering. I want you to tell your readers that they can write to me in the strictest confidence if they are troubled with any kind of disease and I will thoroughly diagnose their cases and prescribe a simple home treatment which I positively guarantee to effect a complete cure, absolutely free of charge. I care not how serious their cases, nor how hopeless they may seem; I want them to write me and let me make them well. I feel that this is my life's work."

So great is the sensation wrought in the medical world by the wonderful cures performed by Professor Adkin that several professional gentlemen were asked to investigate the cures. Among the

gentlemen were Dr. L. B. Hawley and Dr. L. O. Doane, both famous physicians and surgeons. After a thorough and painstaking investigation these eminent physicians were so astounded at the far-reaching powers of Professor Adkin and the wonderful efficacy of Vitaopathy that they volunteered to forsake all other ties in life and all other kinds of treatment and devote themselves to assisting Professor Adkin in his great work for humanity. With the discovery of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment eminent physicians are generally agreed that the treatment of disease has at last been reduced to an exact science.

In all some 8,000 men and women have been cured by the powers of Professor Adkin. Some were blind, some were lame, some were deaf, some were paralytics scarcely able to move, so great was their infirmity. Others were afflicted with Bright's disease, heart disease, consumption and other so-called incurable diseases. Some were suffering from kidney trouble, dyspepsia, nervous debility, insomnia, neuralgia, constipation, rheumatism, female troubles and other similar ills. Some were men and women addicted to drunkenness, morphine and other evil habits. In all cases Professor Adkin treats he guarantees a cure. Even those on the brink of the grave, with all hope of recovery gone, and despaired of by doctors and friends alike, have been restored to perfect health by the force of Vitaopathy and Professor Adkin's marvelous skill. And remarkable as it may seem distance has made no difference. Those living far away have been cured in the privacy of their own homes, as well as those who have been treated in person. Professor Adkin asserts that he can cure any one at any distance as well as though he stood before them.

Not long ago John Adams of Blakesbury, Iowa, who had been lame for twenty years, was permanently cured by Professor Adkin without an operation of any kind. About the same time the city of Rochester, N. Y., was startled by the cure of one of its oldest residents, Mr. P. A. Wright, who had been partly blind for a long period. John E. Nell, of Millersburg, Penn., who had suffered for years from a cataract over his left eye was speedily restored to perfect sight without an operation. From Logansport, Indiana, comes the news of the recovery of Mrs. Mary Eicher, who had been practically deaf for a year, while in Warren, Pa., Mr. G. W. Savage, a noted photographer and artist, who was not only partially blind and deaf, but at death's door from a complication of diseases, was restored to perfect health and strength by Professor Adkin.

Vitaopathy cures not one disease alone, but it cures all diseases when used in combination with the proper remedies. If you are sick, no matter what your disease nor who says you cannot be cured, write to Professor Adkin to-day; tell him the leading symptoms of your complaint, how long you have been suffering and he will at once diagnose your case, tell you the exact disease from which you are suffering, and prescribe the treatment that will positively cure you. This costs you absolutely nothing. Professor Adkin will also send you a copy of his marvelous new book, entitled "How to be Cured and How to Cure Others." This book tells you exactly how Professor Adkin will cure you. It fully and completely describes the nature of this wonderful treatment. It also explains to you how you yourself may possess this great healing power and cure the sick around you.

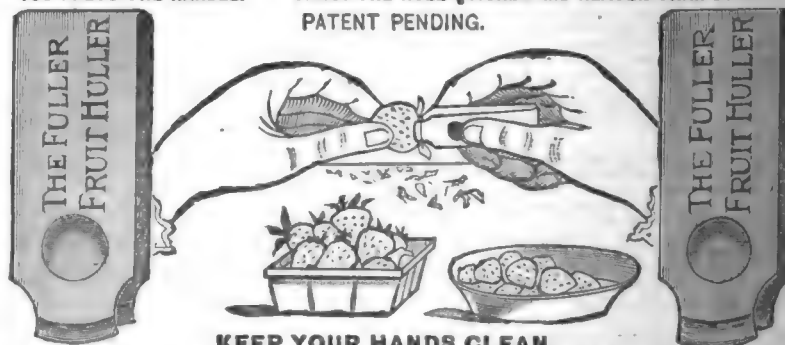
Professor Adkin does not ask one cent for his services in this connection. They will be given to you absolutely free. He has made a wonderful discovery and he wishes to place it in the hands of every sick person in this country, that he may be restored to perfect health and strength. Mark your letter personal when you write and no one but Professor Adkin will see it. Address Professor Thomas F. Adkin, office 612 H, Rochester, New York.

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COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER

For the enlightenment and benefit of its subscribers, COMFORT has inaugurated this department under the title of COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER, wherein will be carefully and correctly solved any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Law suits can frequently be avoided by timely and judicious advice concerning matters in dispute; this, however, can only be done by one who is fully conversant with his or her legal rights and privileges. This department will also prove of great value and interest from an educational standpoint, as in it will be answered any proper legal question that may be propounded.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce.

Any yearly subscriber to COMFORT fully paid in advance is welcome to submit inquiries, which, as far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately stated, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column; but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Judith.—Under the laws of Maine, an unsecured note outlaws within six years from the date of its maturity or the last payment made under it. If, however, the note is under seal, it is good for twenty years after last payment or maturity. It is possible, though not usual, for a creditor to obtain an execution against a debtor without the knowledge of the latter. Usually the summons in a case like this is returnable at the debtor's residence; and even this is impossible, an attachment may under certain circumstances be issued directly against the property of the debtor, without personal notice to him. Of such proceedings notice is sent to the debtor by publication in a paper published in the County where the action is brought.

A. B.—Where the title to real estate is in the name of the husband, even though it was acquired by the joint efforts of himself and other members of the family, it may still be taken for an indebtedness against him. The fact that legal title is in him, makes it a part of his estate and subject to the payment of his debts. A mortgage of real estate to be perfectly valid, and good security, where same is made by a married man, must be joined in by his wife, to pass all dower interest in the property. Your question with reference to the payment of taxes of your father's property and the interest of his daughter therein depends on many circumstances which are not disclosed in your letter. If the daughter bought in the property at tax sale, she might obtain a tax title. If she simply paid the taxes and took receipts therefor, other questions would arise which the local Courts might be called upon to unravel. If you will write the Editor of this column the facts just as they are, he will write you further about it.

Texas.—If a man leads a woman astray under promise of marriage and a child is born, the man is compelled either to marry the woman or to make provision provided by the laws of the State for the maintenance and support of the child. If the woman refuses to marry him, he is, of course, absolved from such duty, but must nevertheless support the child, that is, make suitable monetary provision for it. Failure to do so, would result in a conviction, on proper proof, of the crime of bastardy and the offender would be tried before a jury, who would determine the degree of his guilt. As a rule, a reasonable provision for the support of the child is all that is required in such cases. The law is no respecter of persons and holds out no revenge to the woman who permits herself to be seduced. The only redress is to make the man responsible for the child, contribute to its support.

E. D. Under the facts as you state them, the wife has no right to dispose arbitrarily of the father's estate. The personal property which the deceased left, will descend to her, but the farm proper, that is the real estate, must descend to his heirs—the two sons—leaving the widow however, her dower interest during her lifetime. The proper procedure is to apply to the Widow and Orphans' Court for the appointment of an administrator, which should be done at once by either one of the two sons. Consult a local lawyer at your County seat.

Widow.—A widow who has never resided in a state or with her deceased husband in such state, is not entitled to the homestead of her deceased husband in such state.

Jury.—Where a juror has formed an opinion from reading newspapers as to the crime charged, he may be required to serve if he declares an oath that he will base his verdict exclusively on the law and the evidence introduced and admitted.

Jane.—If your brother-in-law advised you to give him a power of attorney to manage your land but induced you to sign what was in fact a deed, you supposing it to be simply a power of attorney, he simply became a trustee for you and is bound to re-convey the land to you and to account to you for the profits derived from it.

G. L. K.—Forcible entry and detainer is the appropriate remedy to recover lands from one who has entered thereon without color of title and to which you have the right of possession. Such an action must be begun in the county where the land is located; you will probably have to consult a local lawyer.

Owner.—If you paid the tax voluntarily, you cannot recover it back, under any circumstances; if, however, you paid it under protest, you can recover it back in case the courts decide that it was illegally levied or unwarranted for any reason. Money voluntarily paid can never be recovered in such a case.

Lands.—If a contest over the rights of parties to a portion of the public domain, the final decision of the land department at Washington is conclusive and binding, and from it there is neither appeal nor redress. The Secretary of the Interior (one of the President's cabinet), has sole jurisdiction over the matter.

Edward.—Where a land owner has not been paid for land taken for a public road, he has no right to obstruct the same. He will undoubtedly in due course, receive such compensation as the court has awarded him for his property. The public has what is called the "Right of Eminent Domain" to take such property as is needed for the use of the public and the owner is paid its value at a price fixed by a jury of his countrymen.

T. R. W.—Where a person is grossly negligent and injury therefrom results to another, the party who made the injury possible is liable not only for all actual damages but as well for punitive damages to deter others from doing likewise.

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213 Beauties and Scandals Waltzes	Strauss	276 Brown Eyed Bessie Lee, Chorus	Arbuckle
331 Blooming Rose Polka	Keeler	346 Called Back	Marchant
257 Blue Bells of Scotland, Trans.	Richards	192 Can You, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret?	Estabrooke
221 Bluebird Echo Polka	Morrison	214 Childhood's Happy Hours	Dinsmore
103 Boston Commandery March	Carter	190 Come When the Soft Twilight Falls	Schumann
103 Bridal March, from Lohengrin	Wagner	284 Come Back to Our Cottage	Estabrooke
321 Brunette Waltz	Wagner	168 Count's Bench of Promise. Cake walk	Blake
229 Bryan and Sewall March	Notes	292 Crown of Glory	Tour
307 Cavalry Parade Polka	Sampson	288 Danube River	Aide
255 Cavalier Rusticana, Four hands	Mascagni	250 Darling I Shall Miss You	Cohen
283 Cavalleria Rusticana, Intermezzo	Mascagni	176 Darling Nellie Gray	Hunby
297 Cadenza Mazurka	Chopin	244 De Ban Joan de Instrument	Rutledge
327 Chateaufort, La Moutet	De Lange	70 Dear Heart, We're Growing Old	Estabrooke
237 Cherokee Roses Waltz, 4 hands	Folk	304 Did You Ever Call Me Darling?	Vine
335 Chinese Serenade	Piote	128 Don't drink my Boy, tonight. Temp.	Hoover
340 Choderella Gavotte, Four Hands	Gurilt	290 Dream of Love	Flem
209 Choderella, March—Two Step	Devlin	310 Dream of Spring, A. Op. 1, 2	Carschmann
211 Corn Flower Waltzes	Coote, Jr.	348 Drummer's Song	Andra
71 Crystal Dew Waltz	Durkee	198 Ears of Corn	Chorus
235 Day Dawn Polka	Cook	220 Ever Sweet is Thy Memory	Hofstad
163 Dewey's Grand Triumphal March	Marcel	318 Falling Star	Pinsuit
239 Flower Song, Op. 38	Morichon	180 Far Away	Bliss
209 Eastlake Waltz	Devlin	182 Father is Drinking Again. Temperance	Mathot
303 Edelweiss	Folk	152 Flag of Our Country, Patriotic	Fox
343 Eglington Quickstep	F. W. M.	144 Flirting in the Starlight	Delano
355 English Maypole Dance	Cook	136 For a Dream's Sake	Corn
91 Estrella, Air de Ballet. Very fine.	Boissard	166 From our Home the Loved are Going	Percy
245 Fantasia, Nocturne	Stelzner	336 Frost upon the Pane	Wallerstein
207 Fantasia, Nocturne	Stelzner	288 Gathered Roses	Andra
291 Fathitza Galop	Ludwig	178 Give Me a Kiss to Me	Percy
231 Faust, Selections	Durkee	178 God Bless My Kind Old Mother	Jewell
77 Fifth Nocturne	Leybach	204 Golden Moon	Jeon
233 Flirting in the Starlight, Waltz	Lange	262 Greeting Count	Mendelssohn
239 Flower Song, Op. 38	Lange	150 Gypsy Countess, Duet	Glover
209 Forest Home Waltz	Stelzner	324 Haunts of Childhood	Dinsmore
283 Forestville Waltz	Zahn	198 Heart of My Heart	Robinson
277 Froelich, Selections	Durkee	272 How can I Leave Thee, Duet	Greenwood
177 Froelich of the Frogs	Watson	184 I Can't Forget the Happy Past	Skelly
353 Gavotte in E. Major	Josely	248 In Shadowland	Pinsuit
183 Golden Rule, Nocturne	Stelzner	266 In Summer Time	Marshall
281 Golden Rule, Nocturne	Stelzner	296 In the Starlight, Duet	Offenbach
281 Heel and Toe Polka	Faust	328 Jennie with the Sweet Brown Eyes	Rutledge
185 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	Richards	28 Juanita, Ballad	May
173 Hobson of the Merrimack Waltzes	Jewell	242 Kathleen Mavourneen	Crouch
139 Home, Sweet Home, Transcription	Slack	196 Killarney	Boffe
153 Home, Sweet Home, Four hands	Gottschalk	132 Kiss, but don't say goodbye	Rutledge
153 Last Hope, Nocturne	Gottschalk	132 Kiss that found my heart to thine	Acil
253 Le Petit Bal, Polka Mazurka	Behr	164 Larchard Watch, Duet	Williams
189 Lee's (Gen'l) "On to Cuba" galop	Durkee	312 Let me dream again	Sullivan
249 Lehigh, Selections	Durkee	146 Listen to the Mocking Bird	Hawthorne
141 London March—Two Step	Myssna	148 Little Boy Blue, Solo or Duet	Estabrooke
243 Love's Dreamland Waltzes	Stelzner	158 Little Voices at the Door	Sullivan
187 Maiden Prayer, The	Badarzinski	158 Lost Chord, The	Sullivan
240 Martha Selections	Johnson	326 Love Divine, all love excellant	Stamer
207 May Breeze, Four hands	Krug	308 Mamma	Daly
225 May Day Schottische	Keeler	234 Margaretta	Boffe
225 McKinley and Mobart March	Turner	112 Massa's Sleeping in de Churchyard	Keeler
235 Midway, Nocturne	Stelzner	230 Mother's Welcome at the Door	Allen
357 Midnight Bells Galop	Ludwig	222 Musical Dialogue, Duet	Heimann
131 Monastery Bells, Nocturne	Weyl	232 Must the Sweet Tie that binds	Estabrooke
201 Music Box, The, Caprice	Liebich	344 My Happy Childhood Home	Allen
125 My Old Kentucky Home, Variations	Cook	176 My Home by the Old Mill	O'Halloran
305 Napoleon	Parlow	176 My Old Kentucky Home	Allen
175 Natchez, Nocturne	Kullak	270 Oh, Sing again that Gentle Strain	Dinsmore
271 Nightingale's Trill, op. 81	Keeler	228 Old Folks at Home (Swanee Ribber)	Foster
123 Old Folks at Home, Transcription	Blake	342 Old Kitchen Clock	Turner
171 Old Oakon Bucket, The, Variations	Durkee	270 Old Village Church	Hatton
273 One Heart, One Soul, Mazurka	Straw	350 Only a Year	Vose
219 One Hope, Waltz	Stelzner	104 On the Banks of the Beautiful River	Estabrooke
245 Oregon, Queen of the Sea, Two-step	Robinson	104 On the Beach, Most beautiful ballad	Kobman
207 Oretta Waltz	Spencer	258 Out on the Deep	Lohr
191 Over the Waves Waltz	Rosas	160 Outcast, An. Character Song	Frits
79 Please Do Waltz	Durkee	174 Parted from our Dear Ones	Keller
193 Post and Peasant Overture (Suppe)	Brunner	306 Peace to Thy Spirit, Duet	Verdi
285 Psyche, Gavotte	Mallet	314 Peace of the Village Bell, Chorus	Skelly
187 Red, White and Blue Forever, March	Blake	198 Picture of My Mother, The	Skelly
143 Richmond March—two-step	Musand	148 Poor Girl didn't know, Comic	Cook
245 Rustle Waltz	Schumann	274 Private Tommy Atkins	Potter
127 Rustling Leaves, Idylle	Lange	208 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	Knight
352 Ruth, Esther and Marion Schottische	Cohen	224 Shall I Ever See Mother's Face Again?	Adrian
141 Salem, Nocturne	Musand	332 She's Dreaming of the Angels	Estabrooke
103 Schubert's Serenade, Transcription	Lasz	194 She Sleeps among the Daisies	Dinsmore
309 Shepherd Boy, Idylle	Wilson	210 Son's Return, The	Frits
161 Silvery Waves, Variations	Wynan	120 Storm at Sea, Descriptive	Hullak
189 Smith's (General) March	Martin	278 Summer Shower	Marzials
295 Souvenir of the Ball Waltz	Clark	236 Sweet Long Ago, The	Estabrooke
259 Spring Flower Polka	Devlin	206 There's Sure to be a Way	Delano
205 Stephanie Polka	Fuhrbach	198 Thinking of Home and Mother	Cohen
151 Storm The Imitation of Nature	Weber	334 'Tis years since I parted dear Mother	Irwin
109 Sultan's Band March	Blake	292 Titan's Cradle	Lehmann
209 Sweet Long Ago, Transcription	Blake	108 Tread softly the Angels are calling	Turner
223 Twilight Echoes, Song without words	Jewell	338 True to the Last	Adams
113 Under the Double Eagle March	Wagner	252 Warrior Bold	Adams
205 Village Parade Quickstep	Richards	84 What are the Wild Waves Saying? Duet	Glover
203 Warblings at Eve	Richard	100 Whistling Wife, The, Comic	Randall
93 Waves of the Ocean March	Blake	212 Why am I ever Watching	de Lasalle
261 Wedding March	Mendelssohn	218 Why do Summer Roses Fade	Barker
251 Winsome Grace, A perfect gem	Hose	338 Wish—A	Chopin
119 Woodland Whispers Waltzes	Stanley	300 Yellow Roses	Watson
301 Yacht Waltz	Dinsmore	822 Zelma Lee, Chorus	Estabrooke

DON'T FORGET that you only have to secure one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 25c.; that for this you get ten pieces, not one; that it is sent to any address, postpaid; that all the little details are up to the standard, including colored titles; that the vocal pieces have full piano accompaniments; that the instrumental pieces give the bass as well as melody; that this sheet music is equal to any published. Also don't forget to make your selections at once, to send us the order, and to tell your friends about this Sheet Music Offer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order by Numbers, not Names.

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SPECIAL OFFER. To secure new trial subscriptions to COMFORT, if you will get one new trial 6 months' subscription at our special 10c. rate and send 5c. extra, 15c. in all, we will send you any six of the above pieces you may select free as a premium. Or send one new yearly subscriber sending 25c. to pay for same and we will send any ten pieces in above list, FREE, postpaid. Any 21 for a club of two. Any 43 for a club of four. We do not sell the Music at any price, but give it to you as a Club Reward for securing the new subscriptions. You, however, can get the Music FREE and sell part or all of what we send you for your slight service in getting us new subscribers to COMFORT.

Address COMFORT MUSIC LIST, Augusta, Maine. Positively no music sold. It is given free for securing subscriptions, and cannot be obtained unless new club subscribers are furnished as specified above.



COMFORT CLUBS

For the benefit of our readers who live in the smaller towns and remote communities, COMFORT proposes the organization of Comfort Clubs whose object shall be to add to the comfort of living by bringing people together for their mutual instruction, improvement and amusement.

Knowing that social pleasures are lacking in the smaller places more because people do not know how to organize and what to do that is interesting and pleasing, than because they do not care for such things, COMFORT will undertake to suggest ways and means by which the young people, at least, may pass many winter evenings which would otherwise hang heavily.

First: The clubs, to be known as Comfort Clubs, are to have their membership from among subscribers to COMFORT, and ten persons or less may constitute a Club. In communities where there are more than ten eligible, Clubs A, B, C, etc., may be organized, the objects of these divisions being to make it possible for sets of persons to make up their own crowds, for such meetings as they may wish to have. But each month there must be a regular meeting of the whole Club at which all members may attend and take part in the exercises.

Second: The monthly meeting should be held in some large room (church or town hall) and members are to read, recite, sing, play on some instrument, or act a short piece, the whole to conclude with some interesting game which COMFORT will present. COMFORT will also provide the program each month for the monthly meeting, so that members need only carry out the program which will be furnished them. Division meetings may be held at private houses of members of the divisions, and once a week if so desired.

Third: The officers of Comfort Clubs shall consist of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, four in all, and to be elected by the Club, once a year. There are to be no fees of any kind, but if at any time the Club wishes to raise money for any charity, small admissions may be charged at the usual monthly meeting. This can only be done by vote of the Club. Every member shall be entitled to invite two persons, not members, to attend any meeting, general or division.

Fourth: Each member shall wear a badge or button indicating membership, COMFORT agreeing to furnish appropriate badges without cost to members.

These general rules, which will be modified and improved as the needs of Clubs develop, are now given as a basis upon which to organize the pioneer Clubs, and COMFORT will be pleased to hear from our lady readers all over the land concerning their willingness to undertake the good work. COMFORT will also be glad to render all the assistance in its power to aid the cause of making life cheerier and brighter and increasing good will and good fellowship among mankind. A special prize will be awarded to the first club organizing and reporting to this office, which organization may take place immediately upon receipt of this notice. Various annual prizes, to be determined later, will be awarded to Clubs for excellence in attendance, number, etc.

Address all communications to Comfort Club Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Method of Organization of Clubs.

Let the person undertaking the organization notify in or more subscribers to COMFORT at the same postoffice to meet at a designated house, or room, and when they have come together, simply state the object of the organization of the club, as announced in COMFORT and get the sense of the meeting as to organizing. If a majority favor it, proceed at once to organization by naming two or more persons, male or female as candidates for President, first. Then pass slips of blank paper around for each person to write thereon the name of his or her choice for the office, and the one receiving the highest number of votes shall be declared president. Proceed in the same way for Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. Then the person who has called the meeting will retire and the new officers will take charge, the President in the chair, conducting the meeting, and the Secretary acting as clerk making the minutes. The President will announce the program and call off the order of business naming those who are set down as taking individual parts.

The main idea is to have this part of the club's work as simple as it can possibly be, so that members will find the duties a pleasure rather than a burden, the object of the club being the greatest comfort to the greatest number.

Comfort Club Program.

- 1—Meeting called to order by President.
- 2—Reading minutes of previous meeting; by Secretary.
- 3—Admission of members.
- 4—Other business, if any.
- 5—Intermission of five minutes—conversation.
- 6—Recitation.
- 7—Vocal selection—solo or concerted number.
- 8—Instrumental selection—any instrument.
- 9—Intermission of five minutes—conversation.
- 10—Comfort Club Game, for all present. (See below.)
- 11—"Auld Lang Syne," sung by the entire meeting.
- 12—Read announcements for following month by the Vice President.
- 13—"The Star Spangled Banner," sung by all present, standing.
- 14—Good Night.

Comfort Club Game for May Meeting.

An interesting and instructive game, in which all can take part and which is particularly happy in affording an object for general conversation, is what is called "The Portrait Game." In this the president of the club, with such assistance as he or she may select, cuts from newspapers and magazines some thirty or forty, more or less, portraits of well-known people which he numbers and fastens to the walls of the room with pins, so as not to injure the paper or plaster. He has a list of the names of the persons pictured, numbered to correspond with the numbers on the pictures. Slips of paper, numbered in blank, are distributed to all present and they go about the room, which is now a portrait gallery, guessing who are represented on the walls, and setting down the names of their guesses opposite the number on their slips. The person guessing all wins the prize, and the one next gets the second prize. The one guessing the lowest number gets the "booby prize." Any small article, book, piece of china, etc., makes a nice prize, besides the glory of winning. Lots are to be drawn for the prize when more than one is correct. This game may be also played with pictures of the well-known advertisements seen in the periodicals and newspapers.

Two or three charades may be presented if this game is finished before the usual closing hour. Here are several words from which to choose: Sham-rock, Top-knot, Work-shop, Pot-ash, Pitch-fork, Friend-ship, Clerk-ship, Rain-bow.

EVERYBODY WEARS COLLAR BUTTONS

Send us only 5c. and we send you Six Gold Plated lever collar buttons, either for Gentlemen or Ladies. This can only be done to introduce our great catalogue of Novelties. 6 cents for 6. Write to-day to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PAST and F



TALKS WITH GIRLS.

CONDUCTED BY
COUSIN MARION.

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

Dear Cousins: The pleasant month of May is with us once more, and I hope you all feel as bright as the month promises to be, and that the June roses will follow you always, as they do May. Now let us get to the prosier things, work, for instance.

The first question before me is from O. H. Dardanelles, Ark., who wants to know the meaning of the words Europe, Asia and Africa. Europe comes from the Greek word *Europos*, meaning dark and was given by the Asiatics to the country west of them, that is toward the setting sun, or night. Asia is from a Scandinavian word *Aesir*, referring to the Asas or deities that came with the god Odin from the East. Africa is a roman word for Frigi, a province near Carthage, where the Romans first became acquainted with the continent.

Lucille, W. Beekmantown, N. Y.—There are several homes for old men in your state, but they are private institutions, not classified. Write to "Home for the Aged," 113th St., and Amsterdam Ave., New York City, for information, inclosing postage for reply.

Dolly and Polly, Evening Shade, Ark.—Dear me, little girls, the questions you ask me can only be answered by your waiting five years. Time will tell.

Triplets, Washougal, Wash.—Moonlight walks are permissible with a chaperone. (2) Girls should not wave handkerchiefs at young men from windows. (3) Don't wear boys' rings.

Sunflower, Sims, Ills.—If you can get a music class as soon as you are ready to teach, it is preferable to school teaching, and as you have a taste for music, I would advise that. (2) Consult your pastor about your brother.

Ellen, McCune, Kans.—You will find what you want advertised in *Comfort*.

Katie, Phillipsdale, R. I.—If you can not entertain the young men by playing and singing and by conversation, they must be too stupid for you to care whether you do or not. Find young men who can do a little of the entertaining, themselves. (2) Tailor-made suits are usually worn by girls older than sixteen. (3) White shirts in winter are liable to be easily soiled.

Hattie and Nora, Boomer, N. C.—Corresponding with young men you do not know is very common, very bad taste and very liable to get you into trouble. (2) Buggy riding and exchanging photographs with acquaintances are not so bad, but they should be indulged in with care.

Theo, West Milan, N. H.—You had better consult a physician. (2) The standard of academics varies, and you will have to apply to the one you have in mind to know if you can enter. Ordinarily the standard is not high. (3) January 29th, 1887 fell on Saturday.

Prince William Belles, Manassas, Va.—Coasting by boys and girls seems to be good form everywhere. (2) You are the only one to say whether you shall be swung twice in the dance. (3) It is not necessary to ask your correspondent to write again, as it is expected that he will. You can do as you please; there is no rule.

Sweet Peas, Warrenton, Va.—You may ask him for his photograph and also ask him to call. (2) Some men won't take a snub. Tell him frankly you do not want to see him. (3) I should think any shade of blue would be becoming. (4) Your penmanship is good enough for book-keeping. (5) Write to W. M. Clemens, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Three Sisters, Dorchester, Wis.—That plan of getting married may turn out well, but it is dangerously risky.

Sweet Violet, Texas.—Yes to all your questions.

Rosalie, Alton, Pa.—You have the easiest way in the world to teach the young man better manners. Simply talk to him about the man you love, and note the effect.

Inquirer, Rochester, N. Y.—Thirty-two is just the right age for twenty-one. (2) If you are a young lady your father's friend should not be calling you pet names as if you were a little girl. Speak to your father about it.

Bonnie, Akron, Ohio.—There are circumstances which may warrant a girl in marrying at your age, but she would do much better to wait till she is twenty-one.

College Chums, Allen, Kans.—There is no cure for jealousy, more's the pity. (2) There is no set time for people to be acquainted before becoming engaged. (3) You had better respect your parents' objection to the young man. (4) Yes. (5) Choose a man older than yourself.

Red Roses, Vale, Cal.—A diamond is the stone for an engagement ring.

Kat. Laurel, Mon.—A diamond ring as a birthstone present is permissible, but people ought to know it. (2) Your cousin must be crazy if he is in love with you and threatens your gentlemen friends. The law prevents his marrying you.

Primrose, Clio, Okla.—I suppose you might wear a button with a boy's picture in it, but why do you want to make an advertisement of yourself like that?

Blue Eyes, Byron, Minn.—Girls of nineteen dress and wear their hair as other young ladies do. (2) "Goo goo" is harmless slang that doesn't mean anything, but silliness. (3) Seventeen is rather young for beans and dances.

Alice, Perry, Iowa.—As the young man knows what your parents think of him and what you think of him, tell him to wait until you are twenty-one, and you will marry him. If you really love each other the waiting will do no harm.

Empress, Etna, Ark.—Break your engagement with the young man if he has no more regard for your feelings than you say. (2) Young men and young women do not usually kiss upon meeting unless they are kin or are engaged. (3) Obey your parents is a good rule to follow, but there are times when disobedience is the only way. (4) The young lady's address is New York City.

Perplexed Brunette, Pittsburg, N. Y.—Your little poem is good for the local paper, but I would not advise you to try a book of poems. Rejection of a manuscript is no sign of literary value. (2) You can't win his love. If he cares for you he will let you know it. (3) You will find in musical periodicals advertisements of persons who write music to words.

D. C. Pine View, Wyo.—If you know the brake-man you may talk to him, but not otherwise.

Darling, Harvel, Ills.—Rings are not suitable presents. (2) It would be proper for you to have the young man look after you, on a long trip, if your parents sanctioned it.

Washington, Little Falls, Wash.—A young man may call oftener than once a week if you want him to.

Ambitious, Silverdale, Pa.—Write to the principal of Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Uncertainty, Plymouth, Cal.—He should release

you from your engagement if you desire it.

Sweetie, Grand Rapids, Mich.—No. (2) You should have nothing to do with a young man who will drink to excess and treat you disrespectfully.

D. A. V., North Cornville, Maine.—Yes, but be very sure that the young man you marry will be as good to you as your parents have been. (2) You are of age at twenty-one. (3) It is proper, but not usual, for the wedding to take place at the groom's home. (4) Yes. (5) Parents should know about

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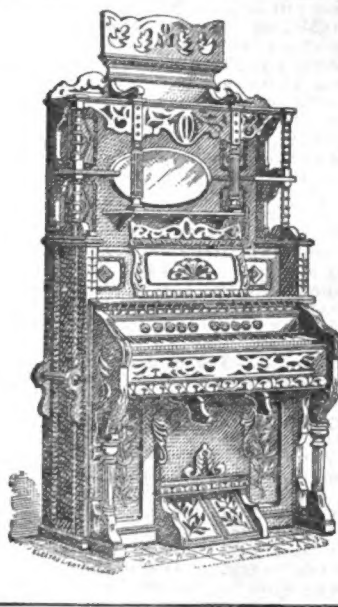
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WING PIANOS are sold direct from the factory at a saving of from \$100 to \$200. They are sold on easy monthly payments. Sent on trial without any advance payment or deposit. Over 33,000 have been sold in the last 34 years. A book of information, containing 116 pages, sent free, if you will write to WING & SON, 202 East 12th Street, New York.



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The Awful Results OF NEGLECTED Heart Disease!

Many people drop dead from Heart Troubles, who do not even know they are in ill health—
What the symptoms are.

HOW TO EXAMINE YOUR HEART.

Every day you read of people suddenly falling dead from heart trouble without a moment's warning, perhaps as a result merely of a little exertion in catching a train or hurrying home from work.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder why so many people die daily of heart disease in the prime of their life, and in these days of medical skill?

Would you not think that knowing their condition, they would seek a cure in time, or at least avoid the over-exertion that might cause their death.

That is the trouble—they do not know it. Hundreds of people whose heart is in a dangerous condition have no idea they are in ill health. Others treat themselves for diseases of the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves, when the trouble is wholly with the heart.

Perhaps you are living under a similar danger, unless you have carefully examined your physical condition, you have no means of knowing whether or not your heart is sound. Perhaps you may fall dead from heart trouble some day.



hard to discover when you look for them, but as they are small in themselves, they are apt to be passed by unnoticed.

If you are wise, therefore, you will go carefully over the following list of symptoms, one by one, and see if you have any of them. They are Fluttering, Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in the Left Side, in the Arm or under the Shoulder Blade, Fainting Spells, Dizziness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Spots before the Eyes, Sudden Starting in Sleep, Dreaming, Nightmare, Choking Sensation in Throat, Oppressed Feeling in Chest, Cold Hands and Feet, Pain when Lying on Left Side, Dropsy, Swelling of the Feet and Ankles (one of the surest signs) or Neuralgia Around the Heart.

Even though you find but one, there is cause for immediate action—the chances are many that your heart is seriously affected.

In such a case, your wisest plan will be to write to Dr. Kinsman, for a box of his celebrated Heart Tablets. They will cost you nothing. The Doctor has such faith in his treatment that he will gladly send you a box for trial, by mail, *postpaid*, absolutely free of charge, in order to gain your friendship, and to prove their great merits to you beyond all question.

If you have any doubt at all about your heart being sound after reading over the above symptoms, write at once and get this trial box which he offers free. They may save you from serious sickness—perhaps may prevent your sudden death from a little exertion.

Do not be like the hundreds of others who have neglected to heed the warning and died in their prime as a consequence, but write to the Doctor without delay, enclosing two-cent stamp for return postage on the tablets. Address your letter plainly to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 962, Augusta, Maine.



MANNERS & LOOKS

In order to meet the demand for information made by *Comfort* readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, *Comfort*, Augusta, Maine.

K. A. Sims, Ills.—When an escort accompanies a lady home it is not necessary for either to say "I thank you for your company." Usually if the man has been inconvenienced, or is under no obligations to act as escort, the lady expresses her appreciation of his courtesy by thanking him and saying it was kind of him to do what he has done. There is no set form for such speeches, and one may say what she pleases.

Brown Eyes, Gloversville, N. Y.—Any glaring and pronounced color, no matter what it is, is ordinarily said to be "loud." This is especially the case when there is too much of it. For example, a girl in a red shirt waist and dark skirt and hat would not be called "loud." Whereas, if she were dressed all in red, she would be. It is not so much the quality of color that constitutes "loudness" as the quantity of it.

May, What Cheer, Iowa.—You should consult a manicure about your nails, as from what you say of them they need the personal attention of an expert. You might try bathing them frequently in a solution of alum or walnut leaves.

J. C. S. Stockton, Kans.—It is always pleasant at parting with agreeable people to ask them to call again. A man does not usually say when he will call again, unless he is a very frequent caller. (2) Length of acquaintance does not qualify a man to put his arm around a lady. An engagement of marriage ought to be the only qualification, but it always is not, more's the pity. (3) If the young man comes to the kitchen door because he is a kitchen acquaintance, you should not invite him into the parlor.

Worried, Clearfield, Pa.—You cannot make a "stylish appearance" unless you have some of it born in you. Which does not mean that a stylish appearance is any indication of good blood, because there are all kinds of royal ladies who are anything but stylish in appearance. Naturally you must wear becoming clothes, and they must be of good material. If you have a tasteful dress-maker she can be of the greatest assistance to you. (2) Chewing gum does not injure the teeth, perhaps, but it is a very disagreeable habit. Don't do it.

P. G., Corley, Iowa.—Young ladies should not attend dances without escort unless they are chaperoned. (2) If you wish to maintain a respectable social position you certainly cannot afford to have as a friend a man who is not respectable. (3) When a popular girl has half a dozen men at an entertainment trying to take her out to supper, there is nothing for her to do except to accept the first one who asks her. The others will not be offended, for it is to be hoped they have perception enough to see that they all cannot go with her.

L. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Invitations should be written on plain white paper, unruled.

Uncertain, Plymouth, Cal.—You probably need a tonic for your hair. This is a good one: Castor oil, one ounce; Tincture Cantharides, four drachms; Oil of Bergamot, thirty drops; alcohol to make one pint. In preparing this the oils are dissolved in the alcohol, and the Cantharides slowly added. Use once or twice a week.

Brown Eyes, Meridian, Idaho.—The lady should first suggest going home from any affair unless there is some reason why the man should.

Blossom, Cherry Creek, Nev.—A girl of fourteen should not go to dances at all, either with or without an escort.

Timid, Green Bay, Wis.—See answer above to K. A. Sims, Ills.

Rosy, Slate, Kans.—It is quite courteous for the young man to take the young lady's mother and sister with the young lady, but they should not permit him to do so very often.

Belle, Little Falls, N. Y.—Dress the hair low if the face be long, with as much puffing at the sides as will improve the proportions. (2) The lady speaks first. (3) Receive the caller pleasantly and ask him to remain though he may not have been invited to the affair into which he has come by accident. He will understand, and you will not be embarrassed, whether he remains or departs. (4) Moth spots on the face are not to be trifled with. Suppose you try bathing your face three times a day with a preparation as follows: Oil of sweet almonds, 200 grains; glycerine ten grains; tincture of benzoin, five grains.

Inqui, Rochester, N. Y. It is proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman to attend church with her. She may even urge that he should go—if he is not already a regular attendant.

L. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Being the only daughter your cards should read: "Miss Jones." (2) A card should be left at the first visit. (3) Leave it in the basket, or give it to the servant who meets you at the door. If the hostess opens the door and you have left a card previously none is necessary. If not, leave it as you go out. Card etiquette is not strictly observed except in very formal society in the largest cities. (4) A call should be returned within two weeks, in the smaller cities. In large cities one call a year, or merely leaving cards once a year continues the acquaintance.

their children marrying, but when the children are self-supporting they are more independent.

Brown Eyes, Thom Grove, Tenn.—The young man deserves to have you, and you should marry him. From eight to ten years is the proper age between husband and wife.

Minnie, Connamore, Can.—Believe what the young man tells you, and not what his enemies say. You can't think much of him if you don't. (2) Yes. (3) Hazel eyes are dark grayish brown.

Monk, Bellwood, Tenn.—March 6th, 1895, was Thursday; December 21st, 1879, was Sunday.

Averil, Duluth, Ga.—Pittsburg, Pa., or New York City. (2) The Seven Wonders were the Pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolos, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Zeus by Phidias, the palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold. (3) "Les Miserables," "Ninety Three," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Toilers of the Sea," are by Victor Hugo.

Betsy, Hallsville, Mo.—Write to the Postmaster, Denver, Col., inclosing a postal card for reply.

There, all your questions are answered directly or indirectly in the answers to others. Some of your questions are answered in another column under the head "Manners and Looks." With all good wishes, by till we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

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for complete files or single numbers. Write and tell just what you have of the following papers; no matter how far back the dates run. Earliest numbers most desired. The New York Weekly, Fireside Companion, New York Mercury, Family Story Paper, Saturday Journal, Saturday Night, Address E. Braddon, 313 South Hicks St., Philadelphia, Pa.



WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



WITH our new Department on Health and Beauty, the questions hitherto sent to the Busy Bee column on these subjects will be transferred to that department. We will answer the inquiry from A. J. H., Sedalia, Mo., however, as it was sent to us some time ago, and these points in the care of the nails may be useful to many of our readers.

To remove white spots from the nails use a mixture of refined pitch and a little myrrh upon them at night, wiping it off the next morning with olive oil. When about to manure the hands dip the fingers into warm, soapy water and hold them there for a minute or two in order to soften the nails and the scarf skin about them. This skin should be gently pushed back from the nails before they are polished. It should never, unless absolutely necessary, be cut with the scissors. Hangnails may be prevented by proper attention to the scarf skin which surrounds the nails.

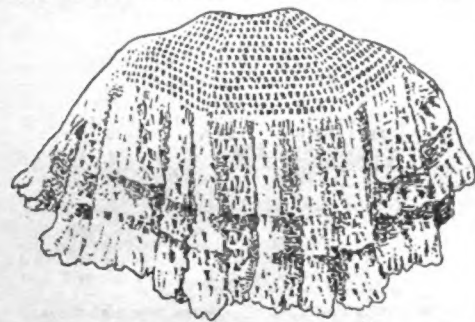
For manicuring only a pair of curved nail scissors, a nail file, an orange stick, a chamomile polisher, a bottle of vaseline and a box of rose salve or nail powder are necessary.

In response to inquiries for rules for crocheting shoulder capes, we illustrate and describe this month two capes, one of which is a double cape, or circular, and the other single. For the first, five skeins of shetland floss are necessary, with a medium sized crochet hook.

First row.—Make a chain of four and join. Second row.—Chain three; count this as one treble; make nine treble and join.

Third row.—Chain three; count this as one treble; one treble close to this, two treble in each space, join.

Fourth row.—Chain three; count this as one treble; one treble close to this, one treble in next space, two treble in two treble, one treble in next space, two treble in next two treble, and so on. Continue in this way until you



CIRCULAR CAPE.

have twenty-one rows, nineteen single trebles between each double treble.

For border use large wooden crochet hook. Two treble in every space for one row, two treble in two treble for eight rows, chain ten and single crochet in every space.

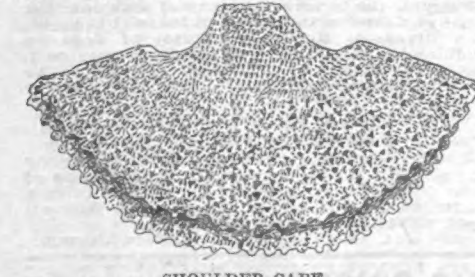
Fancy shell border on same yoke: Make shell of five treble in one space and one treble in next two spaces for one row, shell of five treble in center of shell of five treble (working side-wise through center stitch), and one treble on top of one treble in first row, for eight rows; for edge, chain ten and single crochet in every space.

For the single cape Shetland floss, four-fold Germantown wool, or three-fold Saxony, four hanks, one large bone hook, size six or eight. Chain seven, and join in ring. Do not have the chain too loose.

First round.—Three chain to stand as treble, one treble in ring, one chain, one treble in ring, and repeat from * until there are fifteen treble, not reckoning the chain, one chain, slip stitch into hole made by chain at beginning. There will be sixteen spaces.

Second round.—Three chain, one treble under chain in next hole, one chain, one treble in same hole, one chain, one treble into next hole again, one chain, one treble into same hole, and repeat from *; the round ends one chain, slip stitch into hole made by three chain at beginning. Eight increases with two holes between.

Third round.—Chain three as usual, one treble in next hole, one chain, one treble in same hole, one chain, one treble in next; and repeat from * until you have worked one treble into the



SHOULDER CAPE.

next increase in previous round; make one chain, one treble into same hole, and repeat from first * in third round to end of round. There will be three holes between increases. Work every round on the same principle as you have worked the third, getting an extra hole between increases in each succeeding round. Thus, in the fourth round, there will

be four holes between increases, in the fifth, five holes between increases, and so on. When fifteen or twenty-one rounds are done, according to the depth desired, begin the border.

NOTE.—The idea is that the center of the shawl forms a sort of a yoke to come nicely to the edge of the shoulders, and with this end in view it is often worked a little closer than the lighter border, even if the same needle is used throughout. Taste will dictate style, and both center and border can be made of any depth wished, as will be seen from the instructions.

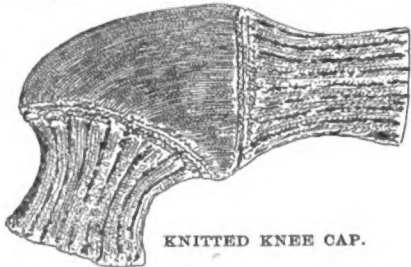
BORDER.—First round.—Make two double crochet under chain in every space.

Second round.—Three chain, one treble, one chain, two treble, all under top loops of first stitch * miss one stitch, then two treble, one chain, two treble, all under the top loops of next stitch, repeat from * to end of round; join last shell to first.

Third round.—Slip stitch round the top loop of the next treble into the hole in middle of first shell in previous round, then three chain, one treble, one chain, two treble, all into hole in first shell (this first shell is the one you have just slip stitched into the middle of), * two treble, one chain, two treble, all into the middle of next shell, and repeat from * to end of round; join as before; slip stitch to middle of first shell.

Fourth round.—Three chain, two treble, one chain, three treble, in hole of first shell, * three treble, one chain, three treble in hole in next shell, repeat from * to end, join as before and slip stitch to middle of first shell. Repeat fourth round continuously, and be careful that it does not draw. If it seems to need widening, use a larger hook or work more loosely, or lay it on a table and mark eight spaces in the round as nearly as possible above the increases in the center portion, and at each of these spaces when working the next round put an increase by working two treble, one chain, two treble, one chain, two treble, all into the one shell. This gives spaces for two shells in next round. When shawl is deep enough, the final round is a scallop.

Scallop round.—*Double crochet between the



KNITTED KNEE CAP.

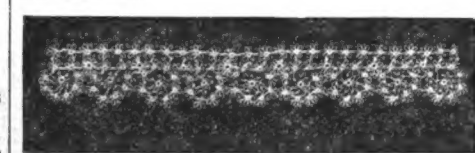
shell first worked and the next, nine treble in middle of next shell, and repeat from * all around.

To protect the boys' knees, and at the same time save wear in stockings and trousers, the knitted knee caps are invaluable.

Knit on small rubber or large steel needles. Cast on sixty-eight stitches.

Knit four and one-half inches of ribbing (knitting two stitches plain, two stitches seam). Then knit six needles plain, widening one stitch at end of every needle (making seventy-four stitches). Next knit alternate seam and plain, leaving one stitch at end of every needle till there are eight stitches left. Slip all the stitches on a string and pick up on the side of work which was seamed seventy-four stitches; knit alternate seam and plain, leaving one stitch at end of every needle till there are eight stitches left.

Pick up all stitches on each part, taking one from each side together; this joins the parts to form the double knee—there will be seventy-four stitches. Knit six needles plain, then four and one-fourth inches ribbing. Bind off and sew together.



13 INCH TATTING COLLAR MADE WITH CLARK'S CROCHET COTTON NO. 50.

Mrs. M. H. Clark of Pigeon, Mich. is one of our dear, smart cousins. Although she is over sixty years old, she does her own work and a man's work about the place and is helping the neighbors nearly all the time. She says she has made \$200.00 worth of lace the past year and she has sent a sample of her tatting collars which we here illustrate. These collars are very easily and cheaply made she having made and given away about one hundred of them during the past five months besides doing her other work, calling this catch up work between times. Mrs. Clark says she cares for the neighbors' children when they go away. She visits the sick, and has just returned to her home from helping a friend whose little boy had fallen into a boiling-hot kettle full of chicken feed.

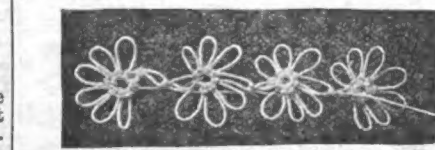
DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TATTING COLLAR. Make 8 double stitches pearl edge draw up and fasten, then make 7 double stitches pearl edge draw up and fasten to the first pearl, and so on until you make 8. This makes the wheel. It takes 9 wheels for the collar.

To make the edge of the collar, make 7 double stitches pearl edge draw up and fasten to the one and draw up—repeat until you make 28. Then sew the wheels to the edge skipping one between the wheels. Then make 11 double stitches, pearl edge, draw up and fasten to the one



MAKE 9 WHEELS LIKE THIS.

and draw up—repeat until you make 28. Then sew the wheels to the edge skipping one between the wheels. Then make 11 double stitches, pearl edge, draw up and fasten to the one



26 OF THESE FOR COLLAR.

skipped in the edge of collar putting one between each wheel and sew a pearl to one in each wheel.

New Inventions and Discoveries.

The average depth of the Texas spouting oil wells is a few feet more than a thousand, and the height to which the oil is ejected is from sixty to two hundred feet.

Locomotives to burn oil are appearing in the Pacific States. They are built with the cab and furnace in front and the smoke stack behind. The tender is discharged and the oil and water are conducted in pipes.

The construction cost of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo was \$9,000,000; of the Paris Exposition of 1900 \$10,000,000; of the World's Fair at Chicago \$18,000,000, while St. Louis will spend \$30,000,000 in constructing the Louisiana Purchase Exposition buildings in 1903.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands.

It is said that in France 88,000,000 picture post cards pass through the post office annually. That country takes the lead of all the others, Austria-Hungary coming next with 31,000,000. The total in circulation throughout the world in one year is said by experts to be 2,360,000,000.

It is now said to be possible to telephone from an electric car moving at its fullest speed to a person in another moving car on the same line, no matter what the distance is. It is also claimed to be possible to hold a conversation from a moving car with any one in his private house in the city, even if the train is between two cities. A wire is

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To introduce among our friends and give all an opportunity to enjoy reading a clever story by the ever popular writer Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne," "Sin of a Lifetime," etc., we have secured exclusive control and have published in book form her most powerful work entitled, "Above Suspicion, or The Price She Paid," a cleverly written love tale that you cannot resist until you finish the last word of the last chapter. As a novel method of introducing the above work we present the above Historical Prize Puzzle Scope and you are to guess what famous general is represented, and every person that will send their solution giving name of General with but 2c. in stamps for postage, will receive as a Prize a copy of "Above Suspicion, or The Price She Paid," also a special prize of a book of 12 Prize Picture Puzzles, and for the solution of these puzzles other prizes are given. Attend to this now, enclose your answer with 2c. for postage and get the fascinating story to read. With the story there goes a chapter on "What Women Like to Know," and several Prize Rebus offers. Address

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CONDUCTED BY REGULUS.



HE Sun reaches his greatest northern declination and the summer begins at about seven minutes past four o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of June, this year, Washington mean time. At that moment the 22nd degree of Gemini will be rising and the last degree of Aquarius will be on the mid-heaven. The Sun, Neptune and Mercury will be just under the eastern horizon in the Ascendant; Herschel will have just gone down in the west; Venus and Mars will be above the eastern horizon in the 12th house; the Moon will be nearly conjoined with Saturn in the 8th house and the great benefic Jupiter only a few degrees west of the southern meridian, in the 9th house.

Mercury is the ruler of the figure and he is found especially strong in the rising house, though being retrograde detracts somewhat from the measure of good promised. His position is indicative of improvement in the public condition, and that "merchants and tradesmen and all such as give their minds to learning, arts and sciences shall have a successful quarter," marked advancement in literary enterprises and methods of communication, invention and discovery; increased travel by water and much discussion of over-sea transportation and communication. Jupiter, the great benefic, in the 9th, promises successful voyaging and increase of travel by long journeys; "men shall be ingenious and also children and youth, and readily attain to things taught them."

Mars opposing Herschel from our nation's ruling sign and so near the ascendant, gives indication of aggressiveness of authorities over commercial relations and adjustment of disputes or differences concerning religious matters and missionary labors and stirs up the contentious elements among the classes of our people who labor by the use of sharp tools, fire and machinery and may provoke some antagonism between railways and their employees.

It is apprehended that the month of July will witness more than the usual disorder of the nature indicate, especially around the 3rd, 10th, 18th and 25th; there are likely to be bad fires and casualties, particularly in New York City and Boston and in general on railroads.

The season will be temperate and the agricultural classes favored by promises of good crops, though some harm results in southwestern regions to fruits and growing things from insects such as caterpillars. The Moon applying to Saturn in the 8th, points to some unusual mortality among the aged and especially among women who have attained fame. Notwithstanding these minor and sectional drawbacks, the quarter bids fair to promote our welfare and increase our prominence as a nation and gives us a happy and successful season as a people.

Mars leaves Gemini in the latter part of July, having shed his malefic influence upon places under that sign, among others, London and Belgium where there are likely to be commotions and troubles from tumultuous assemblages. Russia will feel the benefic influence of Jupiter while the people of India and Mexico feel the adverse rays of Saturn.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR JUNE, 1902.

JUNE 1-Sunday. The forenoon is not favorable for religious exercises and does not encourage early rising; the afternoon gives improvement and invites thee to busy the mind with literature and the intellectual engagements.

2-Monday. Begin this day early and urge all manner of business to the utmost during the forenoon; especially favorable for the merchant and tradesman; purchase goods for trade; seek money accommodations and deal generally with corporations of wealth, public and private treasurers, and railways and their employees; as the day draws towards its close a baffling condition is found to exist which hinders progress to matters in hand and forbids the commencement of any new and important enterprise; be sure that no matrimonial engagement is made during the latter half of this day, if comfort and happiness in the relations is desired.

3-Tuesday. The very early hours are the best ones, especially for any of the literary engagements and for commercial contracts of magnitude; have business dealings in the early morning with persons in the polite avocations and with traders in fancy and artistic goods of all kinds; have care in the afternoon lest extravagance will characterize thy dealings; seek no favor from persons of wealth and postpone collections.

4-Wednesday. Enter into no agreement to pay money in the morning or become bound as surety for others; after the morning the day should be fully improved for all honorable undertakings; bargain for lands and houses; make contracts for their improvement and deal with aged persons, the agricultural classes and mechanics; surgical operations and chemical experiments should not be performed, nor should trade be conducted in cattle, machinery, hardware, chemicals, glassware, or electrical apparatus.

5-Thursday. Have no dealings on this day with public officers or managing authorities or superintendents in great corporations or upon large public works; have no dealings with real estate men or those engaged in agriculture or mining.

6-Friday. Do not deal with corporations or any organization of men; do not court or marry or expect much pleasure from social engagements or any of the elegant pursuits; give preference to the afternoon for the best work of the day.

7-Saturday. One of the superior days of the month and REGULUS advises his friends to engage actively in the prosecution of their several callings, but particularly those in the strictly intellectual pursuits; these hours are particularly favorable for the artist and literary alike and should be fully improved for the inauguration of principal efforts, the forenoon hours being the best for commercial ventures and for all manner of appeals to mind; woo and seek favor at the hands of the fair sex and expect pleasure and success in dramatic and musical entertainments.

8-Sunday. The forenoon is the best part of the day; the afternoon is likely to give fallacious reasoning and unsoundness of doctrine to the religious discourse.

9-Monday. Do not expect much profit or advantage from the elegant avocations or from dealings in artistic or decorative goods in the forenoon of this day, when thou shouldst not have any dealings with public officers or persons in government employ.

10-Tuesday. Keep the eyes wide open against losses of money on this day; make no purchases for trade nor have any dealings with banks or other money institutions or men; seek business favors from large corporations and thine employer.

11-Wednesday. A day of increased mental excitement; the mind in the forenoon is likely to be rash and quarrels are easily provoked; keep a civil tongue, be slow to take offense, avoid all controversy, be not careless with fire; be deliberate in judgment and particularly avoid rashness or impulsiveness in business ventures; beware of engaging in new enterprises now presenting themselves. The afternoon is the best part of the day and should be fully improved for urging every honorable pursuit; it is particularly favorable for the intellectual and literary pursuits and for engagements in business in fancy goods, jewelry, wearing apparel, and the nice things in life; the evening gives unusual pleasure from the social, musical and dramatic entertainments.

12-Thursday. An evil day; ask no favor from persons in authority, especially in public life nor expect advancement in employment; railway employees and officials in charge of public works are uncivil and not disposed to grant favors; scrutinize very carefully all business enterprises offering themselves on this day; for no matter how rosy the picture presented the outcome threatens to be very unfortunate. This is especially true for persons claiming this as the anniversary of their birthday or who were born about the 10th of March, 10th of September, or 10th of December, of past years, and they cannot be too careful in their undertakings and of their health; ladies so born are likely to be upon or are in the midst of unpleasant experiences, misfortunes or sorrows through their husbands, fathers, brothers or lovers and will need to be unusually circumspect in all their acts; marriageable ladies so born should shun the matrimonial alliance at this time and be patient with surrounding circumstances; many of them will feel rebellious, prove headstrong and rush into danger fatal to their future happiness and success. Men so born will need to "watch all the corners," act very conservatively in business, and avoid rupturing existing business relations if they would study their own interest and welfare.

13-Friday. The forenoon and late afternoon are the best parts of this day; use the former for business with plumbers, plasterers, glaziers, farmers, contractors and builders and the classes generally who are engaged in the laborious and dirty avocations; as the evening approaches conditions favor the mechanical trades, chemists, pottery workers and brick and tile manufacturers.

14-Saturday. Give preference to this day for active pursuit of business, replenishing thy stock in trade and dealing with judges, bankers, and all persons of wealth and prominence.

15-Sunday. The forenoon of this day is the best, especially for matters appropriate; the afternoon is baffling and disappointing; do not expect satisfaction from dealings with the aged or infirm.

16-Monday. Begin this day with the dawn and give all thine energies to business; pursue literary avocations, travel, engage servants, do important correspondence, and deal particularly with all the intellectual classes.

17-Tuesday. Make no engagement towards wedlock nor expect success in the elegant pursuits or from dealings in dry goods or fancy or ornamental wares. REGULUS especially advises the fair not to let wealth or show tempt them to wed in these passing days for disappointment and unhappiness will in nearly all such cases fall to their lot, particularly if their birthday anniversaries fall upon the days indicated in the 12th paragraph. Buy no goods for trade nor deal with banks or wealthy persons. Thy purchases are likely to be unsatisfactory if not extravagant.

18-Wednesday. The forenoon is the best part of this day, especially for any dealings with miners, plumbers, excavators, shoemakers, dyers, farmers, and generally urge the agricultural pursuits.

19-Thursday. Be slow to anger in the morning hours, avoiding all disputes and controversies and hasty words or decisions in business matters; avoid real estate transactions during the noon hours; but urge all honorable pursuits in the latter half of the day; buy goods to sell again and seek money favors and extensions of credit.

20-Friday. Beware of inaugurating any important venture on this day; avoid all kinds of controversy with public officials and do not offend thine employer or any superior in business.

21-Saturday. Defer correspondence and all literary undertakings in the early part of this day, but push all general business during the balance of the day.

22-Sunday. The afternoon and evening are the best parts of this day and favor engaging the mind with the elegant in literature and art.

23-Monday. Avoid quarrels and contentions; do not travel unnecessarily, especially in the very early or very late hours of the day; conditions conduce to explosions and accidents from chemicals and machinery.

24-Tuesday. Urge all the mechanical trades on this day and have dealings with glass workers and traders, druggists, chemists, surgeons, cutlers, tanners, cattle traders, and brass and iron foundries. Make collections and have money dealings with banks and persons of wealth.

25-Wednesday. Give preference to the latter half of this day for the active pursuit of business; make contracts, travel, pursue literary and scientific undertakings; deal with booksellers, lawyers, printers and mathematicians; push commercial ventures and prosecute mathematical and scientific studies; the forenoon bids thee postpone dealings in fancy goods and apparel and all the nice things in life.

26-Thursday. Use the forenoon hours for dealings with government officials, politicians, and persons in authority generally; ask favors from thine employer and expect advantage.

27-Friday. Keep a bridle on the tongue on this day; avoid haste in act and deed, and shun controversies. Surgical operations should not be performed during the forenoon unless absolutely necessary to save life; deal not with any organization of men nor with municipal or state authorities; use the afternoon for transactions pertaining to real estate or its improvement or with farmers, miners, or horticulturalists.

28-Saturday. The morning hours invite care in all transactions conducted by writing and in all the literary efforts and undertakings; sign no writing obligating thyself financially and be careful not to offend thine employer.

29-Sunday. An especially fortunate Sabbath day, indicating religious zeal and promoting pulpit eloquence and the enjoyment of literary productions.

30-Monday. Be stirring early and employ every waking moment of this day, preference being given to such as depend upon mental labor; urge correspondence; make contracts, especially those affecting legal and educational matters; hire help and push all matters of trade and business.

ORANGE LILY

Cured me of painful periods, leucorrhoea, displacements, ulceration, etc., after doctors gave me up and all other remedies failed. No physician required. I will send a trial box free to any lady. Address Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE BY ASTROLOGY

By a special arrangement with PROF. EDISON, the "Wizard of the Stars," will send every reader of this paper a very complete Horoscope of their life absolutely FREE. Professor Edison is the most wonderful Astrologer in the world, and can tell you your future from the cradle to the grave, thus enabling you to make the most of your life's chances. Send your sex, the date of your birth and a 2-cent stamp for the return postage, at once and your Horoscope will be sent FREE by return mail. Address PROF. EDISON, Dept. T, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Secret
FREE
A Beautiful Bust
and a Perfect Figure.

Full information how to develop the Bust 6 inches will be sent you free, in plain sealed package, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies, who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Inclose stamp to pay postage. Address
AURUM CO., Dept. HB, 55 State St., CHICAGO

FREE RUPTURE CURE

If ruptured write to Dr. W. S. Rice, 1019 Main St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send free a trial of his wonderful method. Whether skeptical or not get this free method and try the remarkable invention that cures without pain, danger, operation or detention from work. Write to-day. Don't wait.

ANY LADY Can Easily Make \$18 to \$25
weekly by representing us in her locality and as the position is pleasant and profitable the year round we will gladly send particulars free to all. Even your spare time is valuable. This is no deception, and if you really want to make money address **WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., Box 11, JOLIET, ILL.**

A woman's discovery
FREE

By many years of constant study and experiments, I have perfected a simple, harmless vegetable remedy that will quickly cure all female diseases, as well as the piles. It is nature's own remedy and will not only relieve, but will absolutely, thoroughly and permanently cure the ailments peculiar to women, such as falling of the womb, leucorrhoea (whites), displacements, ulceration, granulation, painful or scanty periods, irregular menstruation and all the pelvic ills of women. It positively cures rectal ulcers, piles, hemorrhoids, tumors, itching, blind or bleeding piles in either sex. It cures promptly, privately and permanently without the repugnant methods in general use by physicians. You can escape embarrassing examinations, avoid humiliating exposures, cheat the surgeon's knife out of baptism in your blood.

The treatment is so simple, mild and effectual that it will not interfere with your work or occupation. Thousands and thousands of letters are being received from grateful persons from all parts of the world who have been cured by the use of this remedy. The first package is free, send for it—send today. I know that a fair trial of it will result in your becoming its enthusiastic advocate and friend. With it I will send literature of interest and value. Do not neglect this opportunity to get cured yourself and be in a position to advise ailing friends.

Consider well the above offer and act upon it at once. It is made in the sincere hope of aiding you and spreading the knowledge of a beneficent boon to sufferers. Earnestly, hopefully, faithfully,
MRS. CORA B. MILLER, 329 Comstock Bldg., Kokomo, Ind.

WHAT AILS YOUR HAIR?

Upon receipt of this FORM carefully filled out, and enclosing a few hairs, or a sample from the daily combings, we will send you a dainty BOTTLE of Cranitonic Hair Food and a trial cake of Cranitonic Shampoo Soap by mail prepaid and a diagnosis and complete REPORT upon the condition of your hair after scientific microscopic examination by our Physicians and Bacteriologists, absolutely FREE.

Applicant's Name in full _____

Address in full _____

Have you Dandruff? _____

Is the Dandruff Oily or Dry? _____

Is your hair falling out? _____

Losing Color? _____

Does your scalp itch? _____

Any scaly eruptions? _____

Any eczema on scalp or body? _____

Occupation _____

Hair needs food to keep it alive.

If the roots have been weakened by the attacks of the scalp microbe, your hair falls sick, falls out, turns gray.

A sure sign of "hair disease" is itching and dandruff.

Heretofore the treatment of diseases of the Hair and Scalp has been a matter of guesswork, without regard to the cause.

In the laboratories of the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food Co., of New York, the only Institute in America devoted to diseases of the hair and scalp, the cause of the disease is learned by means of a Microscopic Examination of the hair, and a cure effected by exact and scientific methods.

The Cranitonic Hair Food and Shampoo Scalp Soap were formulated for the exact purpose of preventing and curing all hair and scalp diseases, and are sold by druggists.

For purposes of scientific research and investigation, and in the perfection of its formulae, the Cranitonic Hair Food Co. has already expended more than \$200,000.

MICROBES HAVE JUST ATTACKED THIS HAIR

A—The Hair.
B—The Scalp.
C—Microbes.
D—Food Gland.

In a microscopical examination of 1,000 different samples of human hair made in the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Laboratories and Institute (incorporated under the laws of the State of New York) 24 different diseases of the hair and scalp were discovered, many of them HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS AND ALL FATAL TO THE LIFE OF THE HAIR.



THE DANDRUFF MICROBE which causes Itching and Dandruff, followed by Falling Hair, and finally Baldness. From Micro-Photograph by Dr. E. Fahrig, Chief Cranitonic Laboratories.

FREE HAIR FOOD

If you wish to be cured of itching scalp, dandruff, to save your hair and grow more, write giving address in full, and you will get a FREE BOTTLE of Cranitonic Hair Food and Shampoo Soap, also a 48 page illustrated "Hair Care" Book.

CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO.,
526 West Broadway, New York City.

NEW SHIRT WAIST SET FREE
LARGE & SMALL COLLARS & CUFFS

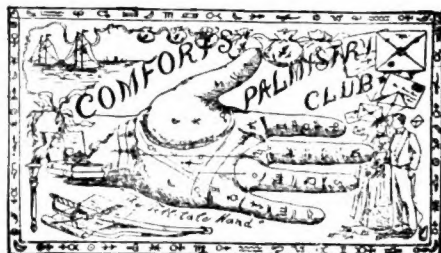
HAIR SECTION
TURNOVER COLLAR
LATEST SHIRT WAIST EFFECTS
SAILOR COLLAR FOR WHITE
EMBROIDERY
324
50 IN. OF LINEN
CUFF SECTION
TURNOVER COLLAR

The Great Popularity of the stamped linen fancy embroidered collars and cuffs has induced us to get up this "Comfort Shirt Waist Set." These sets are to be worn everywhere the coming season and the ladies are now ordering their patterns so as to be ready and get them worked in season for spring and summer wear. It would seem that one of these sets would make pretty nearly a whole waist as there are 324 square inches of linen in the assortment, we send you free. If you have an old waist you want to dress up and make a new one of it this is just what you want. This latest Shirt Waist Set including Sailor Collar, Turnover Collar and Cuffs, are easily embroidered in colored or white mercerized linen floss. Can be attached to any waist. They are washable and when laundered present a stylish and chic appearance. No ladies' wardrobe complete without one.

In order that a few women can get a set early and thus popularize them among their friends, we will send **One Set Free** for a club of only two trial six months' subscribers at 10c. each. You will be delighted with this reward and your friends will be both pleased and benefited by "COMFORT." Send the club today. Only 20c. in all, and get this Set at once, all free, postpaid. Address **COMFORT, Box L, AUGUSTA, MAINE.**

FREE CLUB OFFER.

among their friends, we will send **One Set Free** for a club of only two trial six months' subscribers at 10c. each. You will be delighted with this reward and your friends will be both pleased and benefited by "COMFORT." Send the club today. Only 20c. in all, and get this Set at once, all free, postpaid. Address **COMFORT, Box L, AUGUSTA, MAINE.**



CONDUCTED BY DIGITUS.

CONDITIONS.

To have one's hands read in this department, by Digitus, one of the finest living palmists, it is necessary to observe the following conditions:

Impressions of both hands must be sent, fully postpaid and having the name, address and nom de plume of the sender enclosed in the package also.

The package must in every instance be accompanied by the names and addresses of eight new subscribers at twenty-five cents each, the whole amount, \$2.00 being remitted, with the package, addressed to COMFORT PALMISTRY CLUB, Augusta, Maine.

No notice will be taken of impressions and requests for readings unless the sender has fully complied with the above conditions.

To take impressions, first hold two large pieces of blank paper over a candle or similar flame, until they are heavily coated with the smoke. Then lay these pieces down, smoke side uppermost on a pad of cotton. Now place the two hands, palms downward, one on each sheet of paper, pressing firmly and steadily down, but taking care not to move the hand. Keep them so for one minute and lift carefully, so as not to disturb the impression. Have ready some flatir, which can be bought at a drug store or an art store, or made with gum arabic and water in an atomizer. Spray this over the impressions before they are moved and allow them to dry. Then they are ready to send.

Smoked paper impressions are the best. But if it is desired to send a plaster cast, take plaster of Paris and dissolve in water to the consistency of thick cream. Pour this into a large shallow dish and when it is hardening place the hand, well-greased, palm downward, in the plaster, pressing downward. Several minutes will be required to get this impression and great care must be taken in removing the hand, not to break the plaster. Casts are exceedingly difficult to send without breaking and should be very carefully packed in a box with the name of the sender written on it. Putty is sometimes successfully used in place of plaster. A good photograph of sufficiently well taken to bring out all the lines, can also be read, although in all cases the smoked paper is the best, if properly treated with flatir.

Bear in Mind that all the above conditions must be observed.

Also, that letters not complying with them will go into the waste-basket. Readings cannot appear for several months after impressions are sent.

I SHALL lead off this month with the description of a hand belonging to one of the most distinguished Americans, Honorable Chauncey M. Depew. You will notice that his recent marriage is plainly indicated in his hand. Mr. Depew's hand is of the Grecian type—broad, full, with fingers of nearly an equal length, a strong, well-developed thumb and a well-rounded wrist, powerfully charged with magnetism and electricity. The little nerves drawn at the wrist show that he has a remarkable government over the supply of magnetic and electrical forces. The chemicals of his body consist of a full supply of sulphur, phosphate of iron and carbonate of calcium, so well proportioned that he should live to a very old age, as nature has given him a generous supply of life principles.

The little nerves at the wrist are called governments. They serve him as the reins serve the driver. By them he guides every expression, plan, execution of all business matters. To these little nerves he is really under obligation, because he uses them constantly—or, in other words, he uses them as a check or break to his rapid development of thought and action. These nerves, which are in direct vibration with the faculties of caution, comparison and calculation, are the chief executives of Dr. Depew's quick, sharp, keen, spicy wit and humor.

With his full hand and well-developed fingers, these flexible nerves give him the wonderful adaptability to govern and amuse. The skin on the back of the hand is very flexible. The expression of nerve cells and fibres indicate a fine organism, so acute to atmospheric, elemental and human vibration that he would make not only a good weather prophet, but a prophet as well in business and political life. The hairs on the back of his hand and wrist are charged with electricity and strength.

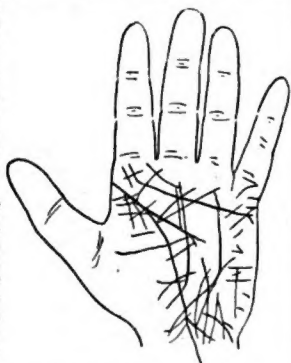
The thumb is indicative of logic, persistence and determination. The lower part denotes power to execute, to promote, to establish principles and to bring them into action. Palmists would say that he was possessed of a strong love power. As to sentiment, Dr. Depew possesses so much logic that his heart will never govern his head. His activity has been so exercised that the sentiment of love to him is more like a pretty sunset—to look at and admire and then let it fade in its own natural way.

His first finger denotes a natural inquisitiveness into financial matters. The first finger is nearly as long as the second, which denotes success in business undertakings. The first knuckle shows mental activity in the financial world. The second denotes thought and consideration for science. While the first finger points to qualities productive of financial success, it also shows that in home life he would be easily irritated and impatient, preferring seclusion. Domestic anxieties would arouse his temper to emphatic sarcastic remarks. Small matters of detail would greatly annoy him.

The little finger is extremely long. This is significant that he is capable of accumulating property, generally benefiting by speculative investigation—in fact, drawing to himself the good and luxurious things during life.

Dr. Depew belongs to the earth and air element. He should avoid using medicines of the mineral order. I doubt if his mental activity would allow him to rest, for the flow of blood through the veins in the hand is significant of a force which would prevent him from mental rest. If he does not force himself, and soon begin to use the governmental nerves to check his mental activity at intervals, he will cause a resistance in the flow of blood which stimulates the veins, the result of which will be that rheumatic and gouty symptoms will begin to show themselves.

Miss Thelma sends a good impression of both



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.



THELMA.

hands, from which I read that she is of a fairly even disposition, fond of music and pretty things, with a taste for the romantic in literature. She has a fine life line, very long and with many lines leading up to it, which is always a good sign. She is a very ambitious person and her ambitions will be realized, although not without some difficulties with herself. Her fate line indicates that she will succeed in whatever she undertakes. She will be twice married. She has always been very attractive to the opposite sex and will continue so as long as she lives. Hers is a curious character, and while she is dependent upon others for sympathy and affection, she is yet very capable of standing on her own feet and forming her own judgments. She is very fond of home and will never travel a great deal, rather preferring to stay among her own people where she is known and loved. In addition to being ambitious, she is also gifted with a sufficient amount of energy and courage to enable her to go ahead. While she will be glad to accept kindnesses from others, she is in no way dependent upon them, and will succeed without it. She will make a good mother, as she is fond of children and will sympathize with their nature. She will also make a good teacher, for the same reason. On the whole, hers is a hand indicating success and good luck in many different ways.

Herbert has a hand indicating a high moral nature, one that would not stoop to any low or underhanded act. He has a good business hand, but one that indicates also higher intellectual powers and would, I should think, make an excellent lawyer, as he has logic and

oratorical powers well developed. He is a man of excellent judgment and strong will, but knows how to hold himself well in hand. I should say that if he does not rise to the heights which I predict for him, it would be for lack of ambition rather than anything else. His life line is excellent, showing long life with many helpful influences, especially between the age of twenty-five and forty. A mark which he considers a triangle on the life line, I should pronounce an island along side of it, in which case a severe illness would be in the neighborhood of his fiftieth year. I should say that while he will recover from that illness, his powers will be somewhat weakened thereafter. On the whole, his is a very excellent hand indicating excellent prospects for its owner.

"Anchor America" asks several questions, most of which have already been answered in this department, as she will find if she looks over her files. However, we will answer most of them.

Pinhead dots or dimples on the line are bad signs. On the heart line they indicate griefs, on the life line illnesses at the age where they appear, and on the head line severe brain troubles or business troubles, as may be indicated in other ways.

A triangle in the middle of a star, would be a part of the star and read as such.

The difference between long and short fingers should be apparent to almost everyone. A good way to decide the question, however, would be to compare them with the palm of the same hand and if they are longer than the palm they can safely be called long fingers.

The worry line starting from the fork on the Mount of Venus, cutting the life, head, fate,

sun and heart lines, would indicate a trouble connected with love and marriage. If this line forms a star at the conjunction with the head and fate line, this would be a bad indication as a star in the center of the hand usually is. If the other lines are all strong and good, the ill effects of the star may be avoided. A cross on the first phalanx of the first fingers would indicate sterility in a woman, and would not be a luck sign in any hand.

A descending branch line from the life line, cutting the liver line, is a sign of the weakening of the powers of the body at the age where it appears.

An influence line, cutting the fate line on the Mount of the Moon, shows an influence of a person of the opposite sex.

Emma asks if when two marriage lines are well developed between the base of the little finger at the heart line, but seen to cross each other in either hand, what is the meaning?

It might mean a hindrance which would prevent a marriage, but remember that the marriage lines under the little finger amount to nothing unless there is another marriage line following either the fate or the life line. These second marriage lines are little lines running parallel with the fate or life lines, close to them, but not joining.

The lady from Troy who sends an inquiry asking why her pencilled drawing of hands have never been read, will please notice that we have never received them and that to have hands read in this department, she must positively comply with the above conditions.

I am glad so many are interested in this department, but would like to call attention to the above conditions and ask you all to read them carefully.

Digitus

It is against the code of etiquette of the Korean court for any subject in that kingdom to marry while the king remains single. Consequently all amorous couples in that country are waiting anxiously for the king to announce the approach of his second marriage.



AN IDEAL HOME REMEDY

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS"

The Best For Rheumatism

A REMEDY WITHOUT A RIVAL.

"5-DROPS" IS THE NAME AND DOSE.

OVER 200,000 PEOPLE CURED

BY THE USE OF "5-DROPS" WITHIN THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS.

EXTERNAL USE

suffering from an unhealthy condition of the blood, which sooner or later will show itself in skin eruptions, sallow complexion, rheumatic pains, kidney trouble, catarrh or other dreaded diseases.

CURED OF KIDNEY TROUBLE AFTER 5 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

December 20, 1901.
"For the past five years I suffered with Kidney Disease so bad that I could not sleep half the night. I began the use of "5-DROPS" and I cannot express to you my thanks for the good I have obtained from your remedy. I can truthfully say that I am entirely cured."

COULD NOT REST DAY OR NIGHT.

December 2, 1901.
"I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for years before I began the use of "5-DROPS," but today I can say I feel better than I have in many years. I suffered so much pain I could not rest day or night. I had a numbness in my hands and arms that was very disagreeable. I cannot say too much to recommend "5-DROPS" to all sufferers. Your Salve is also a wonderful remedy."

AN INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL REMEDY THAT WILL CURE RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA.

"5-DROPS" is both an internal and external remedy, which acts quickly, safely and surely, never failing to cure these dreaded diseases. Swanson's "5-DROPS" taken internally will dissolve the poisonous acid, remove it from the system and cleanse the blood of all impurities, thereby effecting a permanent cure. An application of "5-DROPS" to the afflicted parts will stop the pains almost instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use. Aches, pains and soreness disappear as if by magic when "5-DROPS" is used. No other remedy in the world will stop a pain so quickly or effect a cure as soon as "5-DROPS."

"5-DROPS" PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" goes directly to the fountain-head of almost all diseases—the blood. It quickly, safely and surely cleanses the blood of all impurities, driving out the uric acid or other poisonous matter, and making rich, pure blood.

IT CLEANS THE COMPLEXION. It cures Scrofula and other blood diseases, which disfigure the skin and invariably cause endless suffering.

When you are tired, worn out, depressed, wakeful and easily disheartened you need "5-DROPS." It is the most powerful nerve builder ever discovered. It will restore your energy, vim and push as nothing else can do. Many who have suffered years of mental torture owing to the terrible condition of their nervous system, have been thoroughly cured by only a single bottle of "5-DROPS."

A SURE CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

"5-DROPS" co-operates with the stomach actions, and a healthy digestion is therefore certain. It restores the liver to a normal condition more quickly than any other known remedy. It cleanses the kidneys, removing from the blood the impure matter produced in it through improper action of the kidneys. It never fails to remove the poisons which are invariably the cause of the disease.

"5-DROPS" NEVER FAILS TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE AND CURE CATARRH, ASTHMA,

Sciatica, Lumbago, Colds, Coughs, Grip, Bronchitis, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Croup, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Malaria, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness and Blood Diseases.

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